



FAMOUS
MONSTERS
#62
FEB

FAMOUS

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC

MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

DR. JEKYLL
& MR. HYDE

MARK OF THE
VAMPIRE
(CONCLUSION)

THE
THING
(EXCITING CLIMAX)

WHAT'S NEW IN
HORRORWOOD

GRAVEYARD
EXAMINER



50¢



HELP STAMP OUT MONSTERS! Join Mr. Hyde, shown here doing his part. "Rotten kid!" he growled. (When was the last time YOU were called a "little monster"? The Editor was called a BIG one just last Curseday.)

Ackerman

WHICH ONE
WILL BE
THE
NEW EDITOR
OF FAMOUS
MONSTERS?



You get One Guess as to who the New Editor will be!

Clue: He's the one above who's not smiling as enthusiastically as the other person in the picture. (Maybe that other guy knows something: what a headache it is to edit a magazine every month and how much more satisfactory it will be to be a Star of Horror Films. It is rumored his first performance will be as the Clown at Midnight known as THE SMILING MOONBEAM OF FILMONSTER FANDOM.)

What's this all about? Well, VINCENT PRICE finally got tired of people running away from him crying "You look like that rotten editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS!", while Forrest Ackerman decided if so many readers think he looks like VINCENT PRICE, he might as well play his roles and collect his payrolls!

So they met (photographic proof of this catastrophic event captured on film above by Walt Daugherty) and agreed that for the next month VINCENT PRICE would edit FAMOUS FUNSTERS—er, MONSTERS—and Forrest Ackerman take his place in the movie industry as Master of the World of Edgar Allan Poe. (And, on the side, just for pun money, do a little painting for Sears-Robot.)

Unfortunately, before this Jekyll-Hyde dream could be completed, Mr. Ackerman woke from his reverie and MR. PRICE woke from his nightmare. And so, we regret to report, this and the future issues of FAMOUS METEORITES ... er, FAMOUS MOON SCARS ... that is, FAMOUS MONSTERS, will continue to be edited, for badder or worse, by—

FORREST ACKERMAN



THIS ISSUE dedicated to DAVID SUSTARSIC, our Cleveland Kharispendent who never keeps mummy when he sees an opportunity to send a cummy letter about a recent issue of FM or a cheery word for the editor in general. A fine young man we're proud to have as a fan.—The Editor



"DEAR ACKERMONSTER"

FM monthly—greatest idea that's ever come out of your brain (?). #58 cover was fabulous except for foto of that not-so-great werewolf. Are you sure it's not a dog? The picture sure was! "Smile If You Call Him Monster" was really interesting—my favorite Basil Rathbone portrayal, next to his monsters, is as Sherlock Holmes. All the rest of the articles, especially "The Maddest Doctor" (Atwill) were monstrously good.

Why are Uncle Creepy & Cousin Eerie worried & frightened about having a visit from Vampirella when she's such a gorgeous chick? Where did they get the idea she has stringy hair and buck fangs? (She was just stringing them along, according to hairsay. Actually her fangs cost FIVE bucks.)

TIM HAMMELL
Vancouver, Canada

RETRACTION DEMANDED—AND GIVEN

I've found a tremendous error in one of your back issues. Many old movie fans must have considered it blasphemy when your caption writer wrote "The hunchbacked COLIN CLIVE torments our hero in the classic FRANK-ENSTEIN." Clive was the doctor and DWIGHT FRYE was the crazed hunchback Fritz. Before I turn into a bat and fly to your office we horror fans demand

a retraction. I'm an actor (have been in "I Dream of Jeannie") and would be honored if you would use my name in your magazine about the correction. Great publicity for unknown.

SANDY HARBIN
Canoga Park, Calif.

• Don't forget we gave you your first big break, Sandy—and when your fractured arm has healed and you become famous, don't forget to send us our 10% cut for publicizing you.
Nexttime, send us your foto.

"A MASTERPIECE"

When I finished the Karloff Memorial issue I was quite literally appalled. It was the most rewarding reading experience I have had in the longest time. Certainly I was shocked to hear of the passing of the King but by the time the FM tribute to him reached the stands I had gotten over the shock and had time to appreciate the actual magazine. It was a masterpiece!!! The superb Gogoss cover is the best you have ever printed! A rare thrill, the excellent Filmbook.

WANTED! More Readers Like



MICHAEL WALSH

You, Mr. Editor, undoubtedly know more about cinematic horror than any one on this earth. (Ah, but how about those UNDERNEATH this earth?—and I don't mean the makers of UNDERGROUND movies!)

In closing I will say in concrete terms what I have been hinting at throughout this entire letter: I LOVE FAMOUS MONSTERS!

TONY SCIARRA
Levittown, Pa.

ISSUE #500!

I didn't know Lionel Atwill was once

a stage actor. Your list of his film career was great. Best article in the issue.

Your pictures on the death of Dr. Waldman were marvelous.

I hope I live to see your 500th issue! FM will never die! (I guess you expect me to join Tom Swift in His Electric Wheelchair? You realize I'll be pushing 90 then? If the food & plankton hold out and the air is still breathable.)

PAM RAMSEY
MacArthur, W. Va.

HALF A DINOSTORY IS BETTER THAN NONE

In the 1970 FEAR BOOK you cut the DINOSAURUS story in half. I have seen the show several times and it is no great loss but please be more careful in the future. Confidentially, other than that mistake, the issue was great.

MIKE PATE
Houston, Tex.



"I DEPLORE GORE"

Recent comeback of Graveyard Examiner has been fantastic so far. Gogoss best artist you've ever had. "Inside Ackerman" should stay. I thought DRACULA/GRAVE only a fair movie, depending too much on blood & gore, bloodshot eyeballs & girls in sexy outfits. After I read "The Thin Monster" I was disappointed to find Carradine was n't as much of a horror actor as I always thought. "Lugosi's Haunted House" and the other similar articles you have printed show why Bela Lugosi was such a great horror actor—because he lived in the midst of horrors more fantastic than those in any of his films. A film of his life story would be as eerie as any other ever made. The comic "No Fair" was particularly interesting. "Dark Shadows" article tops, with some collector's item fotos of Dick Smith make-ups. "What Makes Luna Ticks" was one of your best interviews. I liked the still showing the pressbook of MARK OF THE VAMPIRE and the one of Lugosi with the bullet hole make-up.

I would like to see more features on Hammer hits and AIPoe pix.

STEPHEN PAKE
St. Louis, Mo.

"I AM SURE I WILL NEVER SEE THIS LETTER IN PRINT"

(Well, not all of it, Mike—I was pretty long—but at least part.)

Jonathan Frid on the Merv Griffin Show said Bela Lugosi was on drugs most of his life and got to the point where he believed he was Dracula! (Your editor, on the basis of knowing Mr. Lugosi the last 3 years of his life, believes Mr. Frid to be in error about the Dracula identification.)

There were 7 mistakes in the DRACULA/GRAVE review. (If we published them all probably other readers would

Continued on Page 6

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

JAMES WARREN

Founder & Publisher

FORREST J ACKERMAN

Editor-in-Chief

RICHARD CONWAY
Assistant PublisherBRILL & WALDSTEIN
Art DirectionNANCY NIEMAN
Managing EditorGREG BAZAZ
Graveyard ExaminerWALT DAUGHERTY
Special PhotographyANNE GANLEY
Mail Order DepartmentRUBEN MALAVE DONATO VELEZ
Traffic Department

CONTENTS

4 FANG MAIL

Where the Readers Give the Editor the Order of the Rusty Hangnail or even, Sometimes, a Pat on the Head. (Ouch! Pointed, isn't it!)

7 LURKING AHEAD

Future Happenings on Fantasy Films.

13 MYSTERY PHOTO

A Favorite Department. Did You Guess Last Issue's Puzzler? Or Can You Identify the Monster This Time?

14 MARK OF THE VAMPIRE

The Thrilling Conclusion of the ReMARKable Filmbook Co-Starring the Immortal BELA LUGOSI and FM's Own Pet Vampira, Carroll "Luna" Borland.

22 THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD

The Monster Unmasked! Conclusion of Campbell's Creepy Classic.

34 DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

An Important Filmbook with Major Fotos. Part One of the Classic Story of the Man of Parts—Two of Them: Good & Evil. The Famous Fredric March Award-Winning Version.

44 THE CLOWN AT MIDNIGHT

Second & final instalment of the thought-provoking manuscript found in the Cabinet of Dr. Calgari by ROBERT BLOCH.

60 YOU AXED FOR IT!

The Most Requested Fright Fotos from Flicks of Fantasy & Horror.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, No. 62, Feb. 1970 published monthly by Warren Publishing Co., 22 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Subscriptions in the U.S.A.: 6 issues \$3.00, outside U.S.A.: 6 issues \$4.00. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Contributions are invited provided return postage is enclosed; however no responsibility can be accepted for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyrighted © 1969, by Warren Publishing Co. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Subscriber change of address: Give 8 weeks notice. Send an address imprint from recent issue or state exactly how label is addressed. Send old address as well as new. Printed in U.S.A.



OUR COVER
Only BASIL GOGOS could paint (and not faint) the Hyeuous horror of DR. JEKYLL's badder half.



Page 8



Page 18



Page 23



Page 31



Page 44



Page 51



Page 53

write in to correct YOU. It always happens.)

I would like to see an all Chaney Sr. issue.

MICHAEL DeWINTER
Mt. Vernon, Ohio

WANTED! More Readers Like



RON LIZORTY

FRANKENSTEIN SHALL NOT DIE

I have read the FRANKENSTEIN Filmbook 5 times. In some ways it is even more exciting than the movie—even Mary Shelley's own book. (Flat-tery will get you somewhere—a trip to Franken's Town!) The final chapter, "Fiery Executioner", made my hair curl. I particularly liked the turned-on descriptions like "crimson-caped", "a fahrenheit of heat" & "scarlet monoliths". And the last 3 lines are masterpieces. The stills were great too. I didn't dream they actually made one of the monster throwing Maria in the lake.

After FRANKENSTEIN most anything would be a letdown but "Man-Eating Plants". I regret to say, was, er, uninspired, to say the least. (I will be kind and not say the most.) Let's just say,

before you say it, "it didn't grab me." I don't care for comics.

This edition of Graveyard Examiner was outstanding. About time Marcel "Kong" Delgado got some recognition of his own. The Questions & Answers were interesting. Wish I lived near enough the Dracula Society to attend a meeting.

I am sure looking forward to RAIDERS OF THE STONE RINGS and WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH.
LARRY DRAKE
Harrisburg, Pa.

WANTED! More Readers Like



JERRY BROOKINGS

CALLING ALL CREATURES

I talked to Forry Ackerman on the phone and he told me that when he was 15 he organized a club called The Boys Scientification Club and in the early 30s, when he was in high school, was corresponding with 117 fans.

Well, I'm 15, a devoted monster lover living in isolation, and would like to correspond with the whole world of fantasy film fans, so I'm hereby announcing the formation of FILMONSTER

FANS INC. and YOU are invited to write me your views on dues, activities, etc. Girls, boys and even Martians, all welcome. Please tell me your age and, if possible, I would like to see a snapshot of you. I plan to study the language Esperanto—maybe we could help each other learn through our letters.

COME ONE COME ALL FILMONSTER FANS INC. NEEDS YOU!

NATHALIE (NATALIO) GEBARSKI
POB 165

Economowoc, Wisc. 53066

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Chris Lee has finished THE BLOODY JUDGE in Scotland.

In your MAN-EATING PLANTS feature you neglected to include the infamous LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS as well as (ugh!) THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS.

Original telefilms coming this season: THE IMMORTAL with Ralph (ROSEMARY'S BABY) Bellamy, and a supernatural tale, DAUGHTER OF THE MIND, with Ray (THE UNINVITED) Milland.

SCOTT MacQUEEN
Brewster, N.Y.

CONTRIBUTIONS submitted for publication should include Name & Address on each Letter & Drawing. The editor would LIKE to hear from YOU and to see a FOTO of each writer (please PRINT your name on back of picture). Write to:

Fang Mail Dept.
FAMOUS MONSTERS
22 East 42nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10017



CAN YOUR MAILMAN TAKE IT ????

SURE HE CAN! AND YOU CAN PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF. JUST MAIL THIS COUPON FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ANY OF THE TERRIFIC WARREN MAGAZINES. THEN RELAX, YOUR MAILMAN WILL DO THE REST. YOUR MAGS WILL ARRIVE SAFE IN A STRONG ENVELOPE... AND YOU'LL DIE OF PLEASURE!!



☐ 6 ISSUES \$3.00
☐ 12 ISSUES \$5.00



☐ 6 ISSUES \$3.00
☐ 12 ISSUES \$5.00



☐ 6 ISSUES \$3.00
☐ 12 ISSUES \$5.00



☐ 12 ISSUES \$6.00
☐ 24 ISSUES \$10.00

WARREN PUBLISHING CO.
22 EAST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

I ENCLOSE \$_____ FOR A SUBSCRIPTION
TO _____ AS INDICATED ABOVE.

NAME _____ CITY _____

ADDRESS _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

(IN CANADA, AND OUTSIDE THE U.S., PLEASE ADD \$1.00 TO ALL RATES)

LURKING AHEAD

TURN PAGE to find out **WHAT** on earth **IT** is
sci-fi, fantasy & film monsters--1970 style!



MONSTER above—and on preceding page—drawn by **GEO. PAL** Himself for **THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO**.
The popular fantasy (good news, fans!) is coming back soon on TV!



MONSTER above—and on preceding page—drawn by GEO. PAL Himself for **THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO**. The popular fantasy (good news, fans!) is coming back soon on TV!

lao & behold!

Dr. Lao (he of the 7 fantastic faces, including Medusa & Abominable Snowman) is coming back—on TV

John Carradine has made 3 horror films south of the border:

THE VAMPIRES (in crimson color), featuring "The Man of a Thousand Masks"—

DEATH WOMAN (in color, half her face disfigured by acid or fire) with a guest appearance of the Frankenstein monster—

And—

A new version of "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde" called **FACT WITH THE DEVIL!**

Made in the USA, Carradine also appears with Lon Chaney in **NIGHT OF THE BEAST**.

To be made in England, **COSTIGAN'S NEEDLE** (from the novel by Jerry Sohl) is an eerie sci-fi tale of the creation of a giant needle with super-X-ray qualities, a needle so large that a man can—and does—pass thru its eye. He vanishes into another time-world and fantastic adventures follow!

Cesar Romero essays the role of a mad scientist in the Japanese **LATITUDE ZERO**. He transplants the brains of men into lions & tigers . . . who thus become intelligent slave-beasts to do his evil bidding!

LON CHANEY • JOHN CARRADINE • ROCHELLE HUDSON

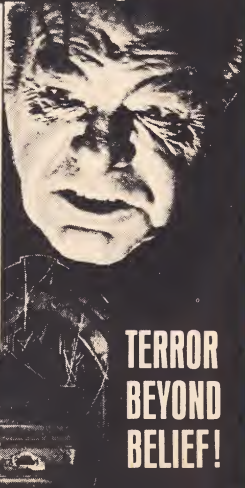
STARRING IN

DR. TERROR'S "GALLERY OF HORROR"

IN **PATHÉCOLOR** AND **TOTALVISION**

**WE DARE YOU TO SEE
WORLD'S
WEIRDEST
MOVIE**

**FIVE
STRANGE
TALES
OF
TERROR
FROM
BEYOND
THE
GRAVE!**



**TERROR
BEYOND
BELIEF!**



If weird people turn you on (sample above), you'll dig SKULLDUGGERY.

revivals of classics

Jules Verne's **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, 1929, part talking, color of a sort, crude & primitive in some respects when viewed again (as your editor recently has) after 40 years—but still a thrillpiece of soaring imagination.

Here are some of the things they said of it at the time.:

A grand treat for those who appreciate the artistic, the weird, the curious, the different.—New York News.

A thriller different from anything you have ever seen. Judged as a fantasy an epic of achievement.—Boston American.

A fantastic undersea melodrama . . . carefully contrived . . . strikingly ingenious . . . effectively directed.—New York Times.

A very impressive suggestion of the beauties of Jules Verne's undersea romance.—New York World.

The sort of fantastic material with which the screen should have interested itself years ago. New York Evening World.

Finest picture of the year!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

And, on a limited scale, it's coming back! In big cities like New York & Los Angeles. Long thought

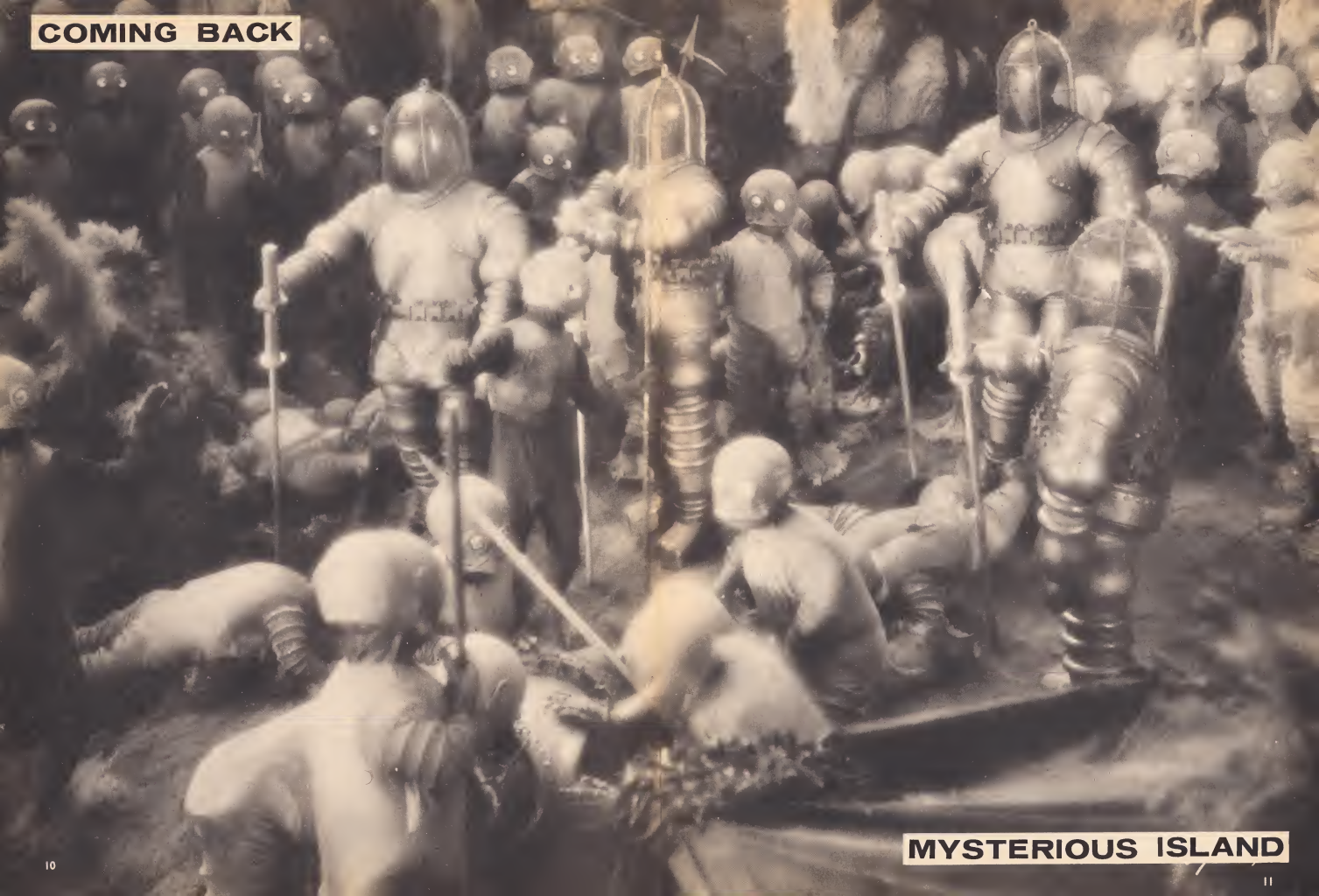


Fathoms under the sea, beneath **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, live strange creatures like this. The film is surfacing again after 40 years!



Thora the Arkonide, superwoman of the **PERRY RHODAN** space THRILLER.

COMING BACK



MYSTERIOUS ISLAND



The Peace Lord of the Universe, **PERRY RHODAN**, regards futuristic instrument in alien spaceship of Thora (center) and, to her right, the mastermind of the Arkonide race—Khrest. Five Perry Rhodan adventures have been translated into English for paperbacks—the first **PERRY RHODAN** film has already played in Europe.

lost, it exists!—so if there's a filmuseum or silent cinema society in your territory, set up a clamor for a showing!

And **WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE AGES** is available for regular theatrical viewing once again after all the years since its production in Sweden in 1922! It is an extraordinary film with some of the strangest satanic scenes ever seen on the screen. The musical score that has been added is diabolically bad so bring your earplugs but keep your eyes open.

again: italy

Richard Matheson's "I Am Legend" was made in Italy (as **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH** with Vincent Price).

Robert Sheekley's 10th **VICTIM** was Italian made.

Now the same company that produced Frederik Pohl's **TUNNEL UNDER THE WORLD** (premiered at the International Science Fiction Film Festival of 1969 in Trieste) has purchased for filming A. E. van Vogt's novel **THE HOUSE THAT STOOD STILL**. **THE HOUSE** is centuries old and inhabited by sinister individuals. The secret of the masked ones: they are immortals! When earth is threatened by destruction by enemy aliens, only the strange powers of the timeless people in the **HOUSE** may be able to defeat the indestructible forces from the galaxy.

Watch these pages for developments & first fotos!

END



Tense moment in the super-submarine of inventor Dakkar (Lionel Barrymore, center) in the classic of 1929, **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, now enjoying limited re-release.

LOVE AT FIRST FRIGHT!



She's lovely!
She's beautiful!
She's engaged!
Engaged, that is, in smooching with a monster.

Some monsters have all the luck. Take old Stone Face, for instance—the original Clay Boy, and we bet he's got feet to match. But does that stop Magali Noel (the actress) from lighting up like a Christmas tree when she puts her arms around him? Obviously not! (But just wait till he puts his harms around HER!)

This monster is mighty popular and sure gets around. They've been filming his story ever since 1914! Paul Wegener played the role again in 1920 and later Alraune met up with him. The first time his tale was told in the talkies was in 1937 and the first time he was seen in color the picture was called, of all things, **THE EMPEROR'S BAKER AND THE—**. That was in 1955. In '67, Roddy McDowell got involved with it. This photo is from the French televersion of one year earlier.

The only clue we can give you is contained in the famous cry of the lunar astronauts: "GO, LEMI!"

ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO NO. 38



The Scourge of Skunk Hollow was Earthquake McGoon in **LPL ASNER**.

First to recognize **BORIS KARLOFF'S DAUGHTER SARIA** in the issue before were **GARRY DORST, SHERI MCADAMS, ARTHUR KENNARD, GORDON ALEX, DONNELL WREDE, WM. RENWAR** and **DAVID & MICHAEL COTTEN** (well, the latter two boys should recognize their own Mother!). Very first was a very nice boy whose name I've unfortunately forgotten (after all I only met 1900 people that week) who came up to me at the World Science Fiction Convention at St. Louis, pointed to her picture and said, "Is this Boris Karloff's daughter?" He wondered why I fainted till Vampirella came and revived me by flapping her wings to give me air, at which point I explained that his subscription copy was the first I had seen of the new issue—he got it before the editor!

A
FAMOUS
MONSTERS
OF FILMLAND
FILMBOOK

PART II

**THE
MARK
OF THE
VAMPIRE**

concluding the scare-raising story of the Dead & Undead...
and their unholy deeds!

**Chapter 5
PROFESSOR ZELÉN'S
FEAR & PRECAUTIONS**

The professor had brought some very powerful restoratives with him, and soon Irena returned to consciousness.

"I examined the body of Fedor, and his body had little blood left," the professor whispered in a corner to the inspector. "This attack does not seem to have been so effective. She has lost blood, but not very much. Perhaps the vampire is toying with the victim." He shot a keen glance at the inspector. "I am glad you brought me here, Inspector Neumann. A most unusual case."

Baron Otto appeared soon after Irena recovered consciousness and was terribly distressed when he heard the news. "How do you think this happened?" he asked.

Professor Zelen pondered for a moment: "Everything points to the work

of vampires or someone connected with black magic."

"Good heavens, you're not going to talk a lot of nonsense about vampires, are you?" raved the inspector. "I've been in the police service twenty-five years and I've never heard of a case, however strange, that hasn't turned out to be just plain murder."

"I thought that back at Prague when I saw young Fedor," the professor admitted. "Though I have known that vampires existed I never expected to come in contact with them, but everything here points to the existence of a monsieur. And those once attacked are in terrible danger. Miss Borotyn must be protected."

"I'll get twenty men sent from Prague."

"Inspector, you could send a hundred men and it might do no good," explained the professor. "Those creatures would

laugh at such protection. I must get the servants to collect me some more of this wolfsbane and every window and door must be so treated."

"You think vampires have been in my house?" Baron Otto's face was flabby with consternation.

"I will go back to Prague," the inspector frowned irritably. "I shall return to-night to unravel this case. Send me a wire if the vampire gets up to any more of his tricks whilst I'm away."

"I may need you." The professor's eyes stared keenly at the inspector. "I can assure you, Inspector Neumann, that you may have a very unpleasant surprise if you should meet Count Mora and his daughter Lúna. Be back before dark, inspector."

The professor collected a lot of wolfsbane and he explained to the old butler what he should do with this charm against witches and demons.

"Maria, Miss Irena's maid will help me," the butler assured the professor. "She is most trustworthy."

Irena was not very well. So listless and strange. The professor told her sharply to keep away from the windows. It was almost dark when terrified screams rang through the house and the sound of running feet. The baron and the professor, who were with Irena, jumped to their feet. The door burst open and there was the maid, and close behind came the butler and both were shaking with fear.

"I saw it! I saw it!" raved Maria. "It came at me, and clawed at my face." "Where? Which room?" rapped out the professor. "One of you two fools must have left some window open. Describe what happened?"

"One moment there was nothing and then it was there." The woman's eyes rolled. "It was in the west wing. I thought it was smoke, and then I saw two gleaming eyes, and the smoke became blacker and blacker. An awful figure in a long black cloak with a dead white face and an awful mark on his forehead. Then the face changed and it leered at me and awful claw-like hands came out of the cloak. It glided through the air. I screamed and ran."

"Did you see it?" The professor glanced at the butler.

"Yes, sir," came the butler's faint whisper. "I ain't ever likely to forget its eyes, sir, and that awful smell."

The inspector arrived back from Prague a few minutes later, and when he heard about the vampire was inclined to scoff. The whole household were a bunch of superstitious fools.

That evening two of the staff, a valet and a maid, came to the inspector and the professor and reported that they had had the fright of their lives. They had come in from the village by pony and cart and had passed the old castle as it was growing dark.

"With my very eyes I saw her," gasped out the maid. "She was in a long flowing robe of white and her hair hung right down below her waist. Dead sort of hair it was, and her face was white and awful. We saw her standing by the castle gates, and she was looking at us. She was one of the living dead."

"Tonight we've got to take good care that these vampires do not get in here," the professor decided. "We must take every precaution."

"Perhaps we should leave this house and go into Prague," suggested Baron Otto.

"Tonight it is too late. These pests must be wiped out, and if we get through this night we must on the morrow search for the vampires and destroy them. By night they are liberated, but by day they must return to their bodies, which are hidden away in tombs and queer places hard to find." The professor clenched his fists. "Destroy those bodies and the vampires have no place to which they can return."

"I'm all for having a look at this castle tonight," Inspector Neumann cried. "Baron, we'll go over there now

and I'll warrant we'll see nothing but cobwebs."

"I'd rather not go there." The baron looked nervously at the two men. "But if you wish I'll go, though nothing will persuade me to go inside."

Inspector Neumann and Baron Otto left the house almost immediately, and they came at last to the castle. Even the part that had been inhabited looked gloomy and derelict.

"Look!" The inspector stabbed out an arm. "There's a light in one of the windows."

"That's the chapel." Baron Otto was amazed. "Who can be there?"

"We'll soon find out. Come on!" The inspector set out at a brisk pace.

Chapter 6 THE LIVING CORPSE!

The two men stopped after a while, and the inspector gestured for silence. Sounds of music.

"That's the organ."

"Who can be playing it, baron?"

"Only Sir Karell ever played the organ." Baron Otto put a hand to his trembling lips.

The inspector was a fearless man and he swore he was going to look right into this. The organ became louder and louder, and at last the two men stood beneath the lighted window of the chapel. There were two old ladders nearby, and these the inspector placed against the wall. Cautiously they climbed and peered through the cobwebby windows into a dusty chapel that was lit by huge guttering candles. Dust sheets covered the furniture, and there were huge cobwebs in the chapel. By the guttering lights of the candles they saw a figure seated at the organ.

A very stiff figure, whose hands moved over the keys, though the body was so gray face, and wearing ordinary clothes.

"It can't be!" gasped the baron. "It looks like Karell, but he's dead. Ah, look!"

The music ceased as if the player knew he was being watched, and he got stiffly to his feet. Like an automaton, the figure walked slowly across the chapel, and they saw a door, without apparent human agency, swing open. Suddenly all the candles flickered and went out.

"Let's get away!" The baron grabbed at the inspector. "It's uncanny."

"Must say it seems mighty strange to me." The inspector climbed down the ladder. "Was that Sir Karell?"

"It was the living image of him!"

"You mean the living dead image."

Inspector Neumann gave a short laugh. "Guess I'm beginning to think there is something in this vampire business. Where is the family vault?"

Baron Otto pointed to a small chapel a little distance away from the castle. All the Borotyns were buried there.

"If Sir Karell's in his grave then I'll know that wasn't him we saw," said Neumann. "I'm going to look at Sir Karell's grave."

Baron Otto did not want to go, but the inspector was insistent. They found the door opened to their touch, and that puzzled them. The inspector raised his

lantern and asked the baron to show the way.

Down some stairs into a gloomy, evil smelling vault. Weird bats fluttered past them, and made the two men shrink back. Gruffly the inspector told the other to go on, and they groped their way to the place where Sir Karell had been buried.

The inspector pushed the lantern forward so that he could see, and then a cry of amazement escaped his lips. The coffin lid lay on the stone floor.

Baron Otto peered into the coffin, and a moan of superstitious fear escaped him as he pointed.

There was nothing in the coffin but a small squirming bat. Sir Karell Borotyn was gone.

"The vampires have claimed his body!" hoarsely muttered the inspector. "The professor told me that this might happen. We saw the body of Sir Karell, and—" He paused. "We saw him at the organ in the castle chapel. We must get out of this place."

The two men rushed up the stairs, and raced across the fields to the baron's house, as if pursued by devils.

Fedor, pale and still shaky, had come out from Prague in spite of doctor's orders.

"I felt better, and I wasn't staying in any hospital if Irena is in any danger. What attacked me might attack her," were his arguments. "I intend to keep close to Irena's room and see none of these vampires try any of their devilry."

"I've been telling him of the danger that threatens Irena." The professor studied the inspector and the baron. "You both seem very out of breath. Have you by any chance seen anything at the castle that caused you alarm?"

"Professor Zelen, I've learnt something. These vampires do exist." The inspector was very serious. "I never thought a level-headed man like myself should have to make such an admission. I've always scoffed at anything supernatural, but my eyes have shown me that for once I was wrong. I have seen Sir Karell."

Professor Zelen was intensely excited at the news. The vampires were even more dangerous than he thought. Apparently they sought to use both the living and the dead to serve their ends.

"But I cannot believe what I saw," spluttered Baron Otto. "I feel somehow that we make a big mistake."

"There is no mistake." The professor spoke emphatically. "These vampires exist in the castle. Sir Karell was buried and they were able to steal the body. They have been lurking for the time when they could attack. Tomorrow we must find their hiding-place so that their earth-bound souls can be released. I'm sorry you've come here." He frowned at Fedor. "Any person that has been once attacked falls more easily the second time."

"Will they attack tonight, professor?"

"Inspector, I fear it." The wise old fellow sighed. "They aim to get the last of the Borotyns into their power, and then that castle will become a house of dread that only fire could destroy."



The scene seen on our last cover as Count Mora & his daughter Luna discover a corpse.

The four men went all over the house, and the hours passed without any cause for alarm. Fedor was told to take up a position near Irena's room, and the baron, the professor and the inspector decided to go to their rooms for rest.

Through the grounds of the house a white figure glided. A dead-white face and slits of eyes, strange stiff hair that hung below the waist and the white burial robe.

It was Luna, daughter of Count Mora. Outside the room of Irena Borotyn she stood, and her hands went out in a gesture of command. Irena appeared on the balcony of her room, and came down the steps from the room into the garden. Irena walked slowly and strangely as if in a state of hypnotic trance. Luna pointed towards the castle and glided away—Irena followed in her wake.

Irena was conducted to the chapel, and here Luna paused. She lifted her hand and the girl sank into a dusty chair. A door creaked, and there stood a dark evil figure that grinned sardonically. On the forehead was the mark of a bullet. He beckoned, and Luna moved to his side. In a corridor a candle guttered, and this Count Mora picked up. The two strange beings walked slowly till they came to a room, where the body of Sir Karell lay upon a chest. Sir Karell

slowly raised his head.

It was dawn when Professor Zelen and Inspector Neumann went to see if all were well with Irena and her protector. They found Fedor sleeping heavily.

"Fetch the baron!" Professor Zelen spoke sharply.

"At once!" The inspector hurried away.

Baron Otto's eyes bulged when he beheld the prone figure of Fedor. It required water and much shaking before the young man's eyes opened.

"It would seem that he is in some sort of a stupor." The professor's hands played with his lips—a gesture when puzzled. "I don't like it." He looked at the marks on the neck. "No, the vampires don't seem to have done anything else."

"They had more important work to do," the inspector cried, and instinctively they looked towards Irena's bedroom.

They knocked and got no answer. They entered to find the room empty. The vampires had claimed another victim!

Chapter 7 PERIL IN THE DUNGEONS

An extensive search of the house was made, but there was no sign of Irena. Fedor was half-crazy with fear, whilst

Baron Otto looked bewildered and dazed.

"Where do you think she can be? Perhaps she's gone away. You don't mean the vampires have taken her?"

"She can have gone nowhere else," the professor cried. "Their power must be amazing because the wolfsbane did not stop them getting at Irena. This afternoon we will search the castle."

"Why not before?" the baron asked.

"Because though time is urgent we must proceed warily. The castle must be closely watched, and the inspector must hasten to Prague to get for me certain protections against evil. We dare not enter the castle unless so armed."

Late in the afternoon the three men entered the castle, and made their way to the chapel.

"You saw Sir Karell playing and yet there are no marks on the keys—strange—strange—very ominous!" The professor pointed to the boards thick with dust. "Not a mark—not a sign. We must search the dungeons and old vaults."

"Why? Surely Irena could not be there?"

"Baron, I do not know what they might have done with Irena, but they should all be in this castle." The professor's bright eyes looked swiftly at everything in the chapel. "Somewhere they have made a hiding-place. We must



The Immortal BELA LUGOSI—The Man Whose Fingers Walked Like A Tarantula.

behead the bodies of the dead."

Baron Otto shivered. They opened an old heavy iron door that screamed a protest as it was dragged back. By the aid of torches they went down the worn stone steps to the dungeons.

A cracking sound made them all turn. The professor clutched at Baron Otto. "Heavens—look!"

The great iron door, screeching and groaning, was moving, and suddenly with a great clang crashed shut.

"That's nothing!" the inspector shouted. "Its probably built to shut, and rust kinda kept it open. I could smash it down its so old. Let's get going—I don't care for these dungeons."

Another sound, and by the light of the torch a number of huge rats scuttled across the floor. The inspector turned his torch on the wall, and then a revolver shot rang through the place.

"Fool! Fool!" screamed the professor. "Put that gun away! You can't kill them that way. Lucky you didn't hit that bat because then our work would have been ruined. Somewhere here the vampires are hidden. We'll try the dungeons first."

And in one dungeon they found the body of a man stretched stiff and motionless.

"Keep away—keep away!" ordered the professor. "Baron, is this Count Mora?"

"No, no!" cried the terrified baron. "It resembles a valet who was the personal servant of Sir Karell for many years." His voice shook. "He was buried in the family vault by special desire, and—"

"The vampires have claimed his body as well as that of Sir Karell's." The

professor glanced round. "We must find the others."

They entered a long room that must have been a common room, and lying on the floor they found Sir Karell. Quite motionless and with eyes wide and staring.

Baron Otto grabbed up a great baulk of timber from the floor, and, screaming hoarsely, raised it above his head. The inspector and the professor grabbed it in time and wrenched the weapon away. "No, no, not that way!" shouted Professor Zelen.

"Why not?" gasped the ashen-faced baron. "It's a dead thing. I've got to smash it. It mustn't ever come to life again!"

"We've got to find them all," the professor cried. "Get them all together and destroy their power at one swoop. Destroy one and you will find the fiends will turn on us. We must destroy them before the moon rises. We must find the others."

"Confound it, my searchlight has gone out!" raged the inspector. "The battery is exhausted."

"Mine's flickering!" Professor Zelen exclaimed. "We've got to have candles. Every second is precious."

The flashlights went out and they were in darkness. They tried lighting matches which for some reason went out—a chill wind blew through the vaults. At last they got a candle to burn.

"Now, inspector, we've—" The professor's voice trailed away. "Where is he. Where has he gone?"

Inspector Neumann had vanished. "He was here a moment ago." The baron looked fearfully round. "What can have happened to him?"

"I—don't—know!" The professor's tone was sepulchral. "I fear the worst. We've got to get out of here."

And then their guttering candles went out.

An eerie laugh rang through the vaults, and they saw a light forming in a distant corner. Part of the wall slid back, and there stood a long figure in a dark cloak with an awful red hole over the right temple.

Crooked hands reached out at them, and then they saw another figure in white. The white and dreadful face of a woman with long hair about a deadly face. From her shoulders protruded great black wings.

"Count Mora and his daughter!!" cried Baron Otto. "Let me go! You're dead! You can't harm me!"

A mocking laugh, and then they had vanished.

Terrifying silence. At last Baron Otto had the courage to light a candle, and then his hand went to his mouth, and he screamed in hoarse fear—he was alone!

The whiteness fomed near the wall, and this time it was the spectre of Sir Karell Borotyn.

"Your time has come!" came the fateful words.

Chapter 9 MACABRE TRAP

Frenziedly Baron Otto tried to find his way out of the dungeon, and he screamed hoarsely when, someone clutched him.

"Quiet, fool, quiet!" It was the voice of Professor Zelen.

A light beam flashed, showing up the face of the professor, whose eyes glowed with a strange unearthly light.

"Professor, I saw him—he spoke to me!"

"Look at me, and you may learn a lot more." There was a strange tone in the professor's voice. "Look at me, Baron Otto!"

Baron Otto looked, and it seemed that the eyes grew larger and larger, and everything grew hazy and dim. From a long way off a voice was speaking to him.

"I am sending you back to a night a year ago. The night Sir Karell Borotyn died. You are going back—going back—going back to that night."

Professor Zelen led the baron out of the dungeons, along a passage and out of the castle. He turned his mesmerised victims towards him and spoke certain instructions. Baron Otto strode off into the night.

There was a light in the chapel. Seated at the organ was the figure of Sir Karell Borotyn, and by his side stood Irena. Standing with her hand resting on the table was the awesome winged figure of Luna, and nearby stood Count Mora. The latter was consuming a glass of wine.

Of wine?!) The door opened and in strode the inspector.

"Had trouble with that young idiot, Fedor," he rapped out. "Get out of bed,



Can the Wolfbane protect them? They'll soon find out—this terrified trio: Lionel Barrymore, Lionel Atwill & Jean Hersholt, three fine actors alas long dead.

and came across here, saw Irena talking to our friend, and charged through a window to the rescue. Two of my men have taken him off."

"It was very brave," Irena spoke very naturally for a woman in a trance.

"There is no time to waste," The professor looked round. "All is set."

Irena looked distressed.

"I don't think I can go through with it. It's too dreadful."

"Do you wish to bring the murderer of your father to justice?" demanded the inspector.

"Of course you do," interposed the professor. "Everything is ready. He is under my hypnotic influence. It only requires you all to act your parts to clear up this crime. You've got to do it. He will be here in a few minutes."

"Very well, then," Irena answered. "Just tell me again, professor, exactly what I have to do." Sir Karell actually smiled.

The professor spoke swiftly, and Sir Karell nodded from time to time. When everything was clear the professor spoke to the butler.

The bat woman went softly across the room to a huge stained-glass window.

"I can see him walking towards the castle," she said in a clear voice.

"To your places!" the professor hissed.

Chapter 10 TURN BACK THE CLOCK

Baron Otto rang the bell and the butler admitted him, took his hat and stick. Sir Karell was in the chapel, which he used also as a study.

Sir Karell was playing softly at the organ when Baron Otto was admitted, and the two men shook hands. The butler appeared with a tray, glasses and a decanter.

A door opened, and there was Irena. She smiled at the baron and then went to her father, whom she kissed.

"You won't stay up too long talking, will you?" She kissed him again. "Oh, father you, have made me very happy."

Baron Otto stared after the slim figure. "What did she mean by that Karell? You have surely not consented—"

"Yes," Sir Karell left the organ and came to sit at a chair by the table. Surprising how the cobwebs and dust had vanished from the chapel.

"So she can marry this boy. Fedor is just a nobody," argued the baron. "Irena should marry someone of importance, of substance. I have always hoped that as her guardian you might

have encouraged my suit."

"Otto, you make a good guardian but not a husband," Sir Karell laughed. "And I know you suggest this because you are so fond of her. You would like her always to remain a little girl and you her guardian. Well, my mind is made up."

Baron Otto's face changed to a mask of hatred, but Sir Karell did not appear to notice.

The butler appeared.

"Is there anything else tonight, sir?"

"No, nothing," Sir Karell pointed to the glasses. "Oh, you might pour out the wine, and then you can leave us. I will show out Baron Otto. He will be leaving in a few minutes, but you need not wait up."

"Very good, sir." The butler poured out the wine and went.

Sir Karell got up and went across to the organ, where lay a pipe and a pouch of tobacco. He stood there and filled his pipe. From his pocket Baron Otto took out a small bottle and swiftly poured the contents into a glass.

"I suppose I must be going," Baron Otto picked up his own glass. "I'll drink Irena's health with you, and then I must go. I suppose she'll be married soon?"

"In a fortnight," Sir Karell returned

to the table and picked up his glass.

Solemnly the two men drained their glasses, and there was a queer grin as Baron Otto hastened to the door, which he opened cautiously and peered forth.

Hidden behind a pillar crouched the professor and the inspector. The door closed.

"All goes to plan," beamed the professor. "Come on!"

Baron Otto closed the door of the chapel and grinned evilly to see Sir Karell swaying in his chair and tugging at his collar. Then Sir Karell roared and collapsed across the table. The body twitched, and at last was still.

Then Baron Otto came swiftly to the side of the man, who had drunk the doped wine and leered down at him triumphantly. From his pocket he took out a small knife. He lifted the chin of the victim and made two small puncture holes. Sir Karell twitched, but the baron did not apparently notice. From another table Baron Otto took a glass tumbler which he proceeded to heat over the flame of the candle.

Then the doors burst open and the professor and the inspector rushed in. Strong arms gripped Baron Otto.

"I arrest you for the murder of Sir Karell Borotyn!" shouted the inspector.

"It is a year ago with him," the professor laughed. "Wait, and I'll bring him back."

The professor passed his hand backwards and forwards before the baron's face, and then the eyes of the latter began to flicker. The baron looked at them.

"What is the meaning of this? What —"

The dead Sir Karell sat up suddenly in his chair, and a look of horror appeared on the baron's face.

"You killed Sir Karell Borotyn," the professor spoke softly. "This is not Sir Karell, but an actor who made such a realistic imitation of that unfortunate gentleman that he should make a great name for himself." The door opened. "The gentleman in black tights is not Count Mora, nor is the lady his daughter Luna. Both of them artistes who have assisted the police in bringing a criminal to justice."

"I do not know what this means," spluttered the baron.

"In spite of Dr. Doskil's verdict, his talk of vampires and the superstitious fears of the people of Visoka, the inspector was never quite satisfied over the death of Sir Karell Borotyn, but having no proof he could do little. A year later the vampires attacked again, and then he consulted with me. I know a lot about the supernatural and also much concerning the old legend of Count Mora and Luna. Willingly I helped. We decided to create an atmosphere of vampires especially for your benefit, my dear baron."

"Why should I wish to kill, Sir Karell or Irena?"

"In the first case, baron, because he would not countenance your suit with Irena. You must be well over fifty. And the second reason that he had promised Irena in marriage to Fedor." The pro-



The GREATEST VAMPIRE of them ALL

fessor adjusted his spectacles. "You drugged Sir Karell, made marks like a vampire bite in his neck and killed him."

"What was the tumbler for?" demanded the inspector.

"A means of draining the body of its blood," the professor explained. "If we had not intervened the baron would have tried the same trick on our friend. Having disposed of Sir Karell, you, as guardian, gained security of the valuable estate and wealth of the man, for whom you had pretended friendship, and also got Irena under your own roof. For a year you did your best to thwart the romance of Irena and Fedor. You failed, and Irena announced that a year was nearly passed and she was going to marry Fedor. Somehow you stunned Fedor and attempted to kill him, but being very strong and tough the attempt failed. He staggered back to the house, and Irena insisted on taking him to Prague."

"Irena saw the inspector, who sent for me," remorselessly the professor unfolded the plot. "We came down here and saw two of Sir Karell's old servants, whom you had taken into your service to please Irena. They knew that you desired Irena for yourself, and they told us other things as well. I decided to have a haunted castle with vampires and strange creatures. The inspector found these artistes, who played their parts well. We soaked you in vampires until you began to believe that such creatures did exist. You began to wonder if you had unwittingly played into their hands by your deeds. There was pretty play-acting down in the dungeons when the lights went out. The inspector slipped away first, and then I did the vanishing act. We guessed the ghost effects would get you into just the right mood for me to put over some hypnotic suggestion."

"You mean to say—" spluttered the baron.

"I mean that you acted the crime of a year ago," nodded the professor.

"You are under arrest for the murder of Sir Karell Borotyn." The inspector produced handcuffs and snapped them over the baron's wrists.

They led the struggling, cursing wretch away.

"And that settles the mark of the vampire," pronounced the professor. "And I think we can all stay in the haunted castle without fear of being disturbed. Where is Irena?"

"Gone off to comfort poor Fedor," chuckled Inspector Neumann. "I had to leave him locked in one of the rooms. I left him yelling blue murder."

"I think we can leave Irena to pacify the young man," said the professor. "I think we might finish this excellent doped wine before disturbing them."

"An excellent vintage," remarked the spectre of Sir Karell Borotyn. "I trust there are some more bottles in the cellars. I am sure Count Mora and his daughter would like to join in and drink the health of Miss Irena and young Count Fedor."

They raised their glasses and all drank the toast.

END

The LIFE BLOOD of any COLLECTION

YOU MIGHT HAVE *CREEPYS* AND *EERIES* PILED TO THE CEILING. YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE THE ISSUE NUMBER ONE OF THE *GYPSY GAZETTE*. BUT YOUR COLLECTION IS NO FUN AT ALL WITHOUT **VAMPIRELLA**.

GET WITH IT. GET THE FIRST TWO ISSUES NOW, WHILE IT'S STILL EASY. JUST MAIL THIS COUPON...



ISSUE #1



ISSUE #2



ISSUE #4

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!

Warren Publishing Co.
P.O. Box 5987, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y. 10017

All Copies Mailed
in a Study Envelope
for Protection

I enclose \$_____ for the issues indicated. Please Rush this order for me right away!

- ☐ VAMPIRELLA #1 (\$1)
☐ VAMPIRELLA #2 (75¢)
☐ VAMPIRELLA #3 (75¢)

- ☐ Special Advance copy of the next issue of VAMPIRELLA (#4). Sent FIRST CLASS MAIL in a sealed envelope (\$1)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____



Because FAMOUS MONSTERS is not actually a fiction magazine and a full-length presentation of the story of THE THING would leave very little room for anything else in an issue, we have done the next best thing by carefully editing the masterpiece without sacrificing any of its excitement. You've heard of stories so fascinating one couldn't lay them down and stayed up all night to finish; well, it is a literal fact that the editor, when he started abridging "Who Goes There?"

around 9:30 in the evening, worked on it till quarter of 5 the following morning!

Scores of disappointed would-be readers had their money refunded last year when the short supply of out-of-print British printings of THE THING advertised in our pages was quickly exhausted. You are getting the film-foto version of what collectors were willing to pay \$2.50 for!

Science fiction writer Theodore Sturgeon promises: "You will be spellbound by its suspense!"

**It was a Polymorph—a Thing-of-many Shapes—from
Another Planet and it was within its Power to Become
EVERYONE ON EARTH! It had to be stopped!**

THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD

Part II: Conclusion

LAST ISSUE: we learned how 37 men in the desolate isolated freezing wastes of Antarctica come into contact with a superhuman creature from outer space. It had been in a state of suspended animation for 20 million years. Returned to life, it threatened first the exploration base then mankind itself as Earth stood in danger of becoming a world of doppelgangers, of carbon copy people and animals, of ersatz life no longer human or earthly but usurped by this menace from Mars or Mercury or Heaven knows where! The conclusion takes up in the middle of Chapter VI, "New Horror."

THE THING

Norris cursed softly. "And every time it digested something, and imitated it—"

"It would have had its original bulk left, to start again," Blair finished. "Nothing would kill it. It has no natural enemies, because it becomes whatever it wants to. Lord, it might become a female eagle. Go back—build a nest and lay eggs!"

"Are you sure that thing from hell is dead?" Dr. Copper asked softly.

"Yes, thank Heaven," the little biologist gasped. "I stood there poking Bar's electrocution thing into it for 5 minutes. It's dead and—cooked."

"Then we can only give thanks that this is Antarctica, where there is not one single solitary living thing for it to imitate, except these animals in camp."

"Us," Blair giggled. "It can imitate *us*. There's nothing that can reach the sea from this point—except us. We've got brains. We can do it. Don't you see—it's got to imitate us—it's got to be one of us—that's the only way it can fly an airplane—fly a plane for two hours, and rule—be—all Earth's inhabitants. A world for the taking—if it imitates us!"

"It didn't know yet. It hadn't had a chance to learn. It was rushed—hurried—took the thing nearest its own size. Look—I'm Pandora! I opened the box! And the only hope that can come out is—that nothing can come out. You didn't see me. I did it. I fixed it. I smashed every magneto. Not a plane can fly. Nothing can fly." Blair lay down on the floor crying.

McReady looked speculatively at the doctor. "It might be like an infectious disease. Everything that drank any of its blood—"

Copper shook his head. "Blair missed something. Imitate it may, but it has, to a certain extent, its own body chemistry. If it didn't, it would become a dog—and nothing more. It has to be an imitation dog. Therefore you can detect it by serum tests."

"Blood—would one of those imitations bleed?" Norris demanded.

"Surely. Nothing mystic about blood. Muscle is about 90% water; blood differs only in having a couple per cent more water, and less connective tissue. They'd bleed all right."

Blair sat up suddenly. "Connant—where's Connant?"

The physicist moved over toward the biologist. "Here I am. What do you want?"

"Are you?" giggled Blair. He lapsed back into the bunk, contorted with silent laughter.

Connant looked at him blankly. "Huh? Am I what?"

"Are you there?" Blair burst into gales of laughter. "Are you Connant? The beast wanted to be *man*—not a dog—"

MISTRUST THY NEIGHBOR

Blair's gurgling laughter had finally quieted. Dr. Copper looked toward Garry and shook his head slowly. "Hopeless, I'm afraid. I don't think we can ever convince him the thing is dead now."

Norris laughed uncertainly. "I'm not sure you can convince me. Oh, curse you, McReady."

"McReady?" Commander Garry turned to look from Norris to McReady curiously.

"The nightmares," Norris explained. "He had a theory about the nightmares we had after finding that thing. That the creature wasn't dead, had a sort of enormously slowed existence, an existence that permitted it, nonetheless, to be vaguely aware of the passing of time, of our coming, after endless years. I had a dream it could imitate things."

"Well," Copper grunted, "it can."

"Don't be a fool," Norris snapped. "That's not what's bothering me. In the dream it could read minds, read thots and ideas and mannerisms."

"What's so bad about that? It seems to be worrying you

more than the joy we're going to have with a madman in camp." Copper nodded toward Blair's sleeping form.

McReady shook his head. "You know that Connant is Connant, because he not merely looks like Connant but he thinks like Connant, moves himself around as Connant does. That takes more than merely a body that looks like him; that takes Connant's own mind and thoughts and mannerisms. Therefore, tho you know that the thing might make itself *look* like Connant, you aren't much bothered, because you know it has a mind from another world, a totally unhuman mind, that couldn't possibly react and think and talk like a man we know, and do it so well as to fool us for a moment. The idea of the creature imitating one of us is fascinating, but unreal, because it is too completely unhuman to deceive us. It doesn't have a human mind."

"As I said before," Norris repeated, looking steadily at McReady, "you can say the craziest things at the craziest times. Will you be so good as to finish that thought—one way or the other?"

"It would do it no good," said Dr. Copper, thinking out loud, "to merely look like something it was trying to imitate; it would have to understand its feelings, its reactions. It is unhuman; it has powers of imitation beyond any conception of man. A good actor, by training himself, can imitate another man, another man's mannerisms, well enough to fool most people. Of course, no actor could imitate so perfectly as to deceive men who had been living with the imitated one in the complete lack of privacy of an antarctic camp. That would take a superhuman skill."

"Oh, you've got the bug, too?" Norris cursed softly.

Connant looked about him wildly, his face white. "Will you two shut up?" Connant's voice shook. "What am I? Some kind of a microscopic specimen you're dissecting? Some unpleasant worm you're discussing in the third person?"

McReady said: "Connant, if you're having a bad time, just move over on the other end for a while. You've got one thing we haven't; you know what the answer is. I'll tell you this, right now you're the most feared and respected man in Big Magnet."

"Lord, I wish you could see your eyes," Connant gasped. "Stop staring, will you! What are you going to do?"

"Have you any suggestions, Dr. Copper?" Commander Garry asked steadily. "The present situation is impossible."

"Microscopic examination," said the doctor thoughtfully, "would be useless. However, serum tests would be definitive. Any animal except man will do. A dog, for instance. But it will take several days, and due to the greater size of the animal, considerable blood. Two of us will have to contribute."

"Would I do?" Garry asked.

"That will make two," Copper nodded. "I'll get to work on it right away."

"What about Connant in the meantime?" Kinner demanded. "I won't cook for him."

"He may be human—" Copper started.

Connant burst out in a flood of curses. "Human! May be human, you suffering sawbones! What the devil do you think I am?"

"A monster," Copper snapped sharply. "Now shut 'up and listen. Until we know, we may reasonably be expected to lock you up. If you are—unhuman—you're a lot more dangerous than poor Blair there, and I'm going to see that he's locked up thoroughly. I expect that his next stage will be a violent desire to kill you, all the dogs, and probably all of us. When he wakes, he will be convinced we're all unhuman, and nothing on the planet will ever change his conviction."

Connant nodded bitterly. "I'm human. Hurry that test," Commander Garry watched anxiously while Copper began

(Continued on page 28)



Artist Hannes Bok's Concept of THE THING for the Book Jacket of the Hard Cover Edition (Shasta Publishers).

THE WINNER! THE "THING" REVEALED!



Mr. L. J. PUCCI of Stamford, Conn., wins *FAMOUS MONSTERS'* Contest Check for \$25 for being the First to supply us with this Best of the Photos we received of the actual Thing from Another World. Some other readers sent in identical or quite similar photos but in case of tie the Prize went to the earliest entry. So here, at last, because YOU & YOU asked for it, is the best foto that could be found (our Staff Photographer Bob Burns even asked Jim Arness personally) of *THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD*.



FACE TO FACE with the Menace from space. The movie's memorable momentary first encounter with the vegetable-man. Remember the shriek?



CAN FIRE STOP The Thing? In desperation the beleaguered men prepare a "gasoline bath" in an attempt to burn The Thing out of existence.

**Our Thanks for
Other THING
Photos to:**

**TED WHITE,
NYC.**

**BOB ISSAACSON,
Oak Park, Ill.**

**RON HOFMANN,
Chicago, Ill.**

**KEITH MERVIS,
NYC.**

**TED ROSENBERG,
Bronx, NY.**

**DWAYNE AVERY,
Inglewood, Calif.**

**WALTER E.
BARTMAN,
Detroit, Mich.**

**STEVE MARENFELD,
Bklyn, NY.**

**LARRY IVIE,
NYC.**



THE FRIGHTENING ANSWER: No, flames do not effect the otherworldly visitor. Howling, enraged, it escapes into the polar nite—a human torch.



THIS IS IT! The showdown between Man & Monster for mastery of the world. The creature out of the past approaches its enemies.



WARILY THE THING moves forward. The shadow of the single lamp for a second seems to make the bald menace appear almost human. But it's not!



NOW DANGEROUSLY ARMED, The Thing comes closer. With its superhuman strength and that club, it could kill them all. Who will survive?



THE ELECTRICITY WORKS! As huge lightning bolts fly thru the air, The Thing sizzles and fries, shrinks and—dies, now a Thing of nothingness.

THE THING (Continued from page 24)

the injection treatment. The dog was not anxious to co-operate. Five stitches held closed a slash that ran from his shoulder, across the ribs, halfway down his body. One long fang was broken off short; the missing part was to be found half buried in the shoulder bone of the monstrous thing.

"What are we going to do with Blair," Garry asked wearily, "when he wakes up—"

"Barclay and Benning are fitting some bolts on the door of Cosmos House," Copper replied grimly. "Perhaps the way the other men look at Connant makes him rather want privacy. Heretofore we've all prayed for a little privacy."

Clark laughed brittlely. "Not any more, thank you. The more the merrier."

"Blair," Copper went on, "will also have to have privacy—and locks: He's going to have a pretty definite plan in mind when he wakes up. Ever hear the old story of how to stop hoof-and-mouth disease in cattle? Well, if there isn't any hoof-and-mouth disease, there won't be any hoof-and-mouth disease. You get rid of it by killing every animal that exhibits it, and every animal that's been near the diseased animal. Blair's a biologist. He's afraid of this thing we loosed. The answer is probably pretty clear in his mind now. Kill everybody and everything in this camp before a bird coming in with the spring chances out this way and—catches the disease."

Clark's lips curled in a twisted grin. "Sounds logical to me. If things get too bad—maybe we'd better let Blair get loose. It would save us committing suicide. We might also make something of a vow that if things get bad, we see that that does happen."

Copper laughed softly. "The last man alive in Big Magnet—wouldn't be a man," he pointed out. "Somebody's got to kill those—creatures that don't desire to kill themselves, you know. We don't have enough thermite to do it all at once, and the decanite explosive wouldn't help much. I have an idea that even small pieces of one of those things would be self-sufficient."

"If," said Garry thoughtfully, "they can modify their protoplasm at will, won't they simply modify themselves to birds and fly away?"

Copper shook his head. "Knowing the general idea, and knowing the detailed structure of wing and bone and nerve tissue is something far, far different. And as for other-world birds, very probably the atmospheric conditions here are so vastly different that their birds couldn't fly. Perhaps, even, the being came from a planet like Mars with such a thin atmosphere that there were no birds."

Barclay came into the building, said to Garry: "If the muttering Blair's doing now is any sign, he's going to sing away the night hours. And we won't like his song."

"What's he saying?" Copper asked.

"I didn't care to listen much. I gathered that the blasted idiot had all the dreams McReady had, and a few more. He slept beside the thing when we stopped on the trail coming in from Secondary Magnetic, remember. He dreamed the thing was alive, and dreamed more details. He knew it had telepathic powers that were stirring vaguely, and that it could not only read minds but project thots. They weren't dreams, you see. They were stray thots that thing was broadcasting, the way Blair's broadcasting his thots now—a sort of telepathic muttering in his sleep. That's why he knew so much about its powers. I guess you and I, Doc, weren't so sensitive—if you want to believe in telepathy."

"I have to," Copper sighed. "Dr. Rhine of Duke University has shown that it exists, shown that some are much more sensitive than others."

"Well, if you want to learn a lot of details, go listen in on Blair's broadcast. He's driven most of the boys out of the Ad Building."

Garry laughed mirthlessly. "I was thinking of the radio

broadcasts. Telling half the world about the wonderful results of our exploration flights, trying to fool men like Byrd and Ellsworth back home there that we're doing something."

Copper nodded gravely. "They'll know something's wrong."

"Just so they don't send 'rescue' expeditions," Garry prayed. "When—if we're ever ready to come out, we'll have to send word to bring a stock of magnets."

"And if we don't come out?" asked Barclay. "I was wondering if a nice running account of an eruption or an earthquake via radio—with a swell windup by using a stick of decanite under the microphone—would help. Nothing, of course, will entirely keep people out. One of those swell, melodramatic last-man-alive scenes might make 'em go easy, tho."

WHO—GROWS THERE?

Blair moved restlessly across the small shack. His eyes jerked and quivered in vague, fleeting glances at the 4 men with him: Barclay, McReady, Dr. Copper and Benning.

"I don't want anybody coming here. I'll cook my own food," he snapped nervously. "Kinmer may be human now, but I don't believe it. I'm not going to eat any food you send me. I want cans. Sealed cans."

"OK, Blair, we'll bring 'em tonight," Barclay promised. "You've got coal, and the fire's started. I'll make a last—"

Barclay started forward.

Blair instantly scurried to the farthest corner. "Get out! Keep away from me, you monster!" he shrieked, and tried to claw his way thru the wall of the shack. "Keep away from me—keep away—I won't be absorbed—I won't be—"

Barclay moved back. Dr. Copper shook his head. "Leave him alone, Bar."

The four men let themselves out. Blair immediately dragged something over to the door. Barclay opened the hatch and glanced in, Dr. Copper peering over his shoulder. Blair had moved the heavy bunk against the door.

"Don't know but what the poor man's right," McReady sighed. "If he gets loose, it is his avowed intention to kill each and all of us as quickly as possible, which is something we don't agree with. But we've something on our side of that door that is worse than a homicidal maniac."

McReady continued: "I've been wondering—if Connant were—changed, would he have warned us so soon after the animal escaped? Wouldn't he have waited long enough for it to have a real chance to fix itself?"

"The thing is selfish," Dr. Copper pointed out. "Every part of it is all of it, every part of it is all for itself, I imagine. If Connant were changed, to save his skin, he'd have to—but Connant's feelings aren't changed; they're imitated perfectly, or they're his own. Naturally, the imitation, imitating perfectly Connant's feelings, would do exactly what Connant would do."

"Say, couldn't Connant be given some kind of a test?" Barclay suggested.

Copper shook his head wearily. "Not if it reads minds. You can't plan a trap for it."

"This expedition-of-four idea is going to make life happy," Benning looked at his companions. "Each of us with an eye on the other to make sure he doesn't do something—peculiar. I'm beginning to know what Connant meant by 'I wish you could see your eyes.' Every now and then we all have it, I guess. One of you looks around with a sort of I-wonder-if-the-other-three-are look. Incidentally, I'm not excepting myself."

"So far as we know, the animal is dead, with a slight question as to Connant. No other is suspected," McReady stated slowly. "The always-four order is merely a precautionary measure."

"ONE OF US IS A MONSTER!"

one watched more tensely than Connant. A little sterile glass test tube, half filled with straw-colored fluid. One—2—



Thru Italian Eyes! This is the way an artist in Italy pictured the 3-eyed Thing

3—4—5 drops of the clear solution Dr. Copper had prepared from the drops of blood from Connant's arm. The tube was shaken carefully, then set in a beaker of clear, warm water. Then—little white flecks of precipitation were forming. "Lord," said Connant. He dropped heavily into a bunk, crying like a baby. "Six days—" Connant sobbed, "six days in there—wondering if that test would lie—"

"It couldn't lie," Dr. Copper said. "The dog was human-immune—and the serum reacted."

"He's alright?" Norris gasped. "Then—the animal is dead—dead forever?"

"He is human," Copper spoke definitely, "and the animal is dead."

Kinner burst out laughing hysterically. McReady slapped his face. The cook gulped, mumbling his thanks vaguely. "I was scared. Lord, I was scared—"

Norris laughed brittlely. "You think we weren't, you ape? You think maybe Connant wasn't?"

The Ad Building stirred with excited relief. But Dr. Copper fussed with his tubes. McReady noticed him first, his face whiter than the stuff in the tubes, silent tears slipping down from horror-widened eyes.

McReady felt a cold knife of fear pierce thru his heart and freeze in his breast. Dr. Copper looked up. "Garry," he called hoarsely. "Garry, for God's sake, come here."

Commander Garry walked toward him sharply. Silence clapped down.

"Garry—tissue from the monster—precipitates, too. It proves nothing. Nothing but—but the dog was monster-immune, too. That one of the two contributing blood—one of us two, you and I, Garry—one of us is a monster."

ALL MONSTERS

"McReady," Garry sighed, "you're in command now. May God help you. I cannot. I may be the one, I know I'm not, but I cannot prove it to you in any way. Dr. Copper's test has broken down. The fact that he showed it was useless, when it was to the advantage of the monster to have that uselessness not known, would seem to prove he was human."

Copper swore. "I know I'm human. I can't prove it, either. One of us two is a liar, for that test cannot lie, and it says one of us is. I gave proof that the test was wrong, which seems to prove I'm human, and now Garry has given that argument which proves me human—which he, as the monster, should not do. Round and round and—"

Suddenly he was roaring with laughter. "It doesn't have to prove one of us is a monster! It doesn't have to prove that at all! Ho-ho. If we're all monsters it works the same—we're all monsters—Connant and Garry and I—and all of you."

"McReady," the Chief Pilot called softly, "can you make some kind of test?"

McReady went over to Copper slowly, took the hypodermic from his hand. Garry sat on the bunk edge, watching Copper and McReady expressionlessly. "What Copper said is possible," McReady sighed. "Van, will you help here? Thanks." The filled needle jabbed into Copper's thigh. The man's laughter did not stop, but slowly faded into sobs, then sound sleep.

"Dr. Copper," McReady repeated, "could be right. I know I'm human—but, of course, can't prove it. I'll repeat the test for my own information. Any of you others who wish to may do the same."

Two minutes later, McReady held a test tube with white precipitin settling slowly in straw-colored serum. "It reacts to human blood, too, so they aren't both monsters."

"I didn't think they were." Van Wall sighed. "That wouldn't suit the monster, either; we could have destroyed them if we knew. Why hasn't the monster destroyed us, do you suppose?"

McReady snorted. "Elementary, my dear Watson. The mon-

ster wants to have life forms available. It cannot animate a dead body, apparently. It is just waiting—waiting until the best opportunities come. We who remain human, it is holding in reserve."

Kinner shuddered violently. "Hey, would I know if I was a monster? Would I know if the monster had already got me? Oh, Lord, I may be a monster already."

"You'd know," McReady answered.

"But we wouldn't," Norris laughed shortly, half hysterically. McReady looked at the vial of serum remaining. "There's one thing this stuff is good for, at that," he said thoughtfully. Tests. There's 4 cows and nearly 70 dogs down there. This stuff reacts only to human blood and—monsters."

THEY MELT!

When McReady came back to the Ad Building, Connant exploded suddenly. "What did you do, more immunizing?"

Clark snickered. "Haw! Immune, all right."

"That monster," said Van Wall steadily, "is quite logical.

Our immune dog was quite alright, and we drew a little more serum for the tests. But we won't make any more."

"Can't you use one man's blood on another dog?" Norris began.

"There aren't," said McReady softly, "any more dogs. Nor cattle, I might add."

"No more dogs?" Benning sat down slowly.

"They're very nasty when they start changing." Van Wall said precisely. "But slow, that electrocution iron you made up, Barclay, is very fast. There is only one dog left—our immune. The monster left that for us, so we could play with our little test. The rest—" He shrugged.

"The cattle—" gulped Kinner.

"Also. Reacted very nicely. They look very funny when they start melting. The beast hasn't any quick escape when it's tied in dog chains or halters, and it had to be to imitate."

Kinner stood up slowly. His eyes darted around the room, and came to rest horribly quivering on a tin bucket in the gallery. Slowly, step by step, he retreated toward the door, his mouth moving soundlessly.

"The milk—" he gasped. "I milked 'em an hour ago—" His voice broke into a scream as he dived thru the door.

Van Wall looked after him for a moment thoughtfully. "He's probably hopelessly mad," he said at length, "but he might be a monster escaping. Take a blow-torch—in case."

The physical motion of the chase helped them. Three of the other men were quietly being sick. Norris was lying flat on his back in his bunk, his face greenish.

"Mac, how long have the—cows been not-cows—"

McReady shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. He went over to the milk bucket. "It tests negatively. Which means either they were cows then, or that, being perfect imitations, they gave perfectly good milk."

Copper stirred restlessly in his sleep and gave a gurgling cross between a snore and a laugh. "Would morphia—a monster—" somebody started to ask.

"Lord knows," McReady shrugged. "It affects every earthly animal I know of."

Connant suddenly raised his head. "Mac! The dogs must have swallowed pieces of the monster, and the pieces destroyed them! The dogs were where the monster resided. I was locked up. Doesn't that prove—"

Van Wall shook his head. "Sorry. Proves nothing about what you are, only proves what you didn't do."

"It doesn't do that," McReady sighed. "We are helpless because we don't know enough, and so jittery we don't think straight. Locked up! Ever watch a white corpuscle of the blood go through the wall of a blood vessel? No? It sticks out a pseudopod. And there it is—on the far side of the wall."



Actor Jolly Jaxbo as "The Thing" during a movie theater promotion.

THE THING

"Oh," said Van Wall unhappily. "The cattle tried to melt down, didn't they? They could have melted down—become just a thread of stuff and leaked under a door to re-collect on the other side. Ropes—no—no, that wouldn't do it. They couldn't live in a sealed tank or—"

"If," said McReady, "you shoot it thru the heart, and it doesn't die, it's a monster. That's the best test I can think of, offhand."

SUDDEN DEATH

Quite plainly thru the corridor the men could hear Kinner's voice. Clark beckoned McReady silently. The meteorologist went over to him.

"I don't mind the cooking so much," Clark said nervously, "but isn't there some way to stop that bird?"

"I'm afraid not. I can dope him, I suppose, but we don't have an unlimited supply of morphia, and he's not in danger of losing his mind."

"Well, we're in danger of losing ours. You've been out for an hour and a half. That's been going on steadily ever since, and it was going for 2 hours before. There's a limit, you know."

Garry wandered over, apologetically. For an instant, McReady caught the feral spark of fear—horror—in Clark's eyes, and knew at the same instant it was in his own. Garry—Garry or Copper—was certainly a monster.

"If you could stop that, I think it would be a sound policy, Mac," Garry spoke quietly. "There are—tensions enough in this room. We agreed that it would be safe for Kinner in there, because everyone else in camp is under constant eyeing." Garry shivered slightly. "And try, try to find some test that will work."

McReady sighed. "Watched or unwatched, everyone's tense. Blair's jammed the trap so it won't open now. Says he's got food enough, and keeps screaming, 'Go away, go away—you're monsters.' So—we went away."

"There's no other test?" Garry pleaded.

McReady shrugged his shoulders. "The serum test could be absolutely definitive if it hadn't been—contaminated."

"Chemicals? Chemical tests?"

McReady shook his head. "Our chemistry isn't that good. I tried the microscope, you know."

Garry nodded. "Monster-dog and real dog were identical. But—you've got to go on. What are we going to do after dinner?"

Van Wall had joined them. "Rotation sleeping. Half the crowd sleep; half stay awake. I wonder how many of us are monsters? All the dogs were. We thought we were safe, but somehow it got Copper—or you. It may have gotten every one of you—all of you but myself may be wondering, looking. No, that's not possible. You'd just spring then, I'd be helpless. We humans must somehow have the greater numbers now. But—" he stopped.

McReady laughed shortly. "It doesn't fight. I don't think it ever fights. It must be a peaceable thing, in its own—inimitable—way. It never had to, because it always gained its end other-wise."

Van Wall's mouth twisted in a sickly grin. "You're suggesting, then, that perhaps it already has the greater numbers, but is just waiting—waiting, all of them—all of you, for all I know—waiting till I, the last human, drop my wariness in sleep. Mac, did you notice their eyes, all looking at us?"

Garry sighed. "You haven't been sitting here for 4 straight hours, while all their eyes silently weighed the information that one of us two, Copper or I, is a monster certainly—perhaps both of us."

Clark repeated his request. "Will you stop that bird's noise? Somebody's going to try that test you mentioned, if you don't

stop him, I think a cleaver in the head would be as positive a test as a bullet in the heart."

"Go ahead with the food. I'll see what I can do. There may be something in the cabinets."

McReady picked a barbiturate hopefully. Barclay and Van Wall went with him. One man never went anywhere alone in Big Magnet.

McReady stiffened suddenly. Kinner was screeching out a hymn in a hoarse, cracked voice. Van Wall cursed bitterly. "We'll just plumb have to take that till his voice wears out. He can't yell like that forever."

"He's got a brass throat and a cast-iron larynx," Norris declared savagely. "Then we could be hopeful, and suggest he's one of our friends. In that case he could go on renewing his throat till doomsday."

Silence clamped down. For 20 minutes they ate without a word. Then Connant jumped up with an angry violence. "Lord. What expressive eyes you've got. They wink and blink and stare—and whisper things. Can you guys look somewhere else for a change, please?"

"Let's play Classifications," one man suggested slowly. "You draw lines on a piece of paper, and put down classes of things

—like animals, you know. One for 'H' and one for 'U' and so on. Like 'Human' and 'Unknown' for instance. Classifications, I sort of figure, is what we need right now. Maybe somebody's got a pencil that he can draw lines with between the 'U' animals and the 'H' animals."

"McReady's trying to find that kind of a pencil," Van Wall answered quietly, "but we've got 3 kinds of animals here, you know. One that begins with 'M.' We don't want any more."

"Mad ones, you mean."

Movies were proposed. While projection arrangements were being made, McReady drifted over toward Van Wall. "I've been

wondering, Van," he said, "whether or not to report my ideas in advance. I forgot the 'U' animal," as Caldwell named it, could read minds. I've a vague idea of something that might work. It's too vague to bother with, tho. Go ahead with your show, while I try to figure out the logic of the thing. I'll take this bunk."

Van Wall nodded. The movie screen would be practically on a line with this bunk, hence making the pictures least distracting here, because least intelligible. "Perhaps you should tell us what you have in mind. As it is, only the unknowns know what you plan. You might be—unknown before you got it into operation."

"Won't take long, if I get it figured out right. But I don't want any more all-but-the-test-dog-monsters things. We better move Copper into this bunk directly above me. He won't be watching the screen, either." Garry helped them lift and move the sleeping doctor.

McReady leaned back against the bunk and sank into a trance, almost, of concentration, trying to calculate changes, operations, methods. He was scarcely aware when the screen lit up. Kinner was still praying, shouting, his voice a raucous accompaniment to the mechanical sound.

So long had the voice been going on that only vaguely at first was McReady aware that something seemed missing. Lying as he was, Kinner's voice had reached him fairly clearly, despite the sound accompaniment of the pictures. It struck him abruptly that it had stopped.

Deep silence. "Kinner's stopped."

"For Heaven's sake start that sound, then; he may have stopped to listen," Norris snapped.

McReady went down the corridor. Barclay and Van Wall followed him. The flickers bulged and twisted on the back of Barclay's gray underwear as he crossed the still-functioning beam of the projector.

Norris stood at the door as McReady had asked. Connant



A sight to chill the blood!

walked slowly up and down the room.

McReady appeared at the door.

"We," he announced, "haven't got enough grief here already. Somebody's tried to help us out. Kinner has a knife in his throat,

"Is Blair loose?" someone asked.

"Blair is not loose. Or he flew in. If there's any doubt about where our gentle helper came from—this may clear it up." Van Wall held a foot-long, thin-bladed knife in a cloth. The wooden handle was half-burned, charred with the peculiar pattern of the top of the galley stove.

Clark stared at it. "I did that this afternoon. I forgot it and left it on the stove."

"I wonder," said Benning, "how many more monsters have we? If somebody could slip out of his place, go back of the screen to the galley and then down to the Cosmos House and back—he did come back, didn't he? Yes—everybody's here. Well, if one of the gang could do all that—"

"Maybe a monster did it," Garry suggested quietly.

"The monster, as you pointed out today, has only men left to imitate. Would he decrease his—supply, shall we say?" Van Wall pointed out. "No, we just have a plain, ordinary louse, a murderer to deal with. Ordinarily we'd call him an inhuman murderer. I suppose, but we have to distinguish now. We have inhuman murderers, and now we have human murderers. Or one, at least."

"There's one less human," Norris said softly. "Maybe the monsters have the balance of power now."

McReady sighed and turned to Barclay. "Bar, will you get your electric gadget? I'm going to make certain—"

Barclay went to get the pronged electrocutor, while McReady and Van Wall went back toward Cosmos House. Barclay followed them in some 30 seconds.

The corridor to Cosmos House twisted, as did nearly all corridors in Big Magnet, and Norris stood at the entrance again. But they heard, rather muffled, McReady's sudden shout. There was a savage flurry of blows, dull *ch-thunk, shuff* sounds. "Bar—Bar—" And a curious, savage mewling scream, silenced before even quick-moving Norris had reached the bend.

Kinner—or what had been Kinner—lay on the floor, cut half in two by the great knife McReady had had. The meteorologist stood against the wall, the knife dripping red in his hand. Van Wall was stirring vaguely on the floor, moaning, his hand half-consciously rubbing at his jaw.

Kinner's arms had developed a queer, scaly fur, and the flesh had twisted. The fingers had shortened, the hand rounded, the fingernails become 3-inch long things of dull red horn, keened to steel-hard, razor-sharp talons.

McReady raised his head, looked at the knife in his hand and dropped it. "Well, whoever did it can speak up now. He was an inhuman murderer at that—in that he murdered an inhuman. I swear by all that's holy, Kinner was a lifeless corpse on the floor here when we arrived. But when I found we were going to jab it with the power—it changed."

"His screaming—his singing. Even the sound projector couldn't drown it." Clark shivered. "It was a monster."

"Oh," said Van Wall in sudden comprehension. "You were sitting right next to the door, weren't you? And almost behind the projection screen already."

Clark nodded dumbly. "He—it's quiet now. It's a dead—Mac, your test's no earthly good. It was dead anyway, monster or man, it was dead."

McReady chuckled softly. "Boys, meet Clark, the only one we know is human! Meet Clark, the one who proves he's human by trying to commit murder—and failing. Will the rest of you please refrain from trying to prove you're human for a while? I think we may have another test."

"A test!" Connant snapped joyfully, then his face sagged in disappointment. "I suppose it's another either-way-you-want-it."

"No," said McReady steadily. "Come into the Ad Building. Barclay, bring your



A scene repeated by popular demand:
Miniature People!"

electrocutor. And somebody stand with Barclay to make sure he does it. Watch every neighbor, for by the hell these monsters came from, I've got something, and they know it. They're going to get dangerous!"

"What is it?" Garry asked, as they stood again in the main room. "How long will it take?"

"I know it will work," McReady said, "and no two ways about it. It depends on a basic quality of the *monsters*, not on us. Kinner's just convinced me."

"This," said Barclay, hefting the wooden-handled weapon tipped with its 2 sharp-pointed, charged conductors, "is going to be rather necessary, I take it. Is the power plant assured?"

Dutton nodded sharply.

Dr. Copper stirred vaguely in his bunk. He sat up slowly, blinked his eyes blurred with sleep and drugs, widened with an unutterable horror of drug-ridden nightmares. "Garry," he mumbled, "Garry—listen. Selfish—from hell they came, and hellish selfish—I mean self—Do I? What do I mean?" He sank back in his bunk and snored softly.

McReady looked at him thoughtfully. "Selfish is what you mean, alright. You may have that of that, dreaming there. I didn't stop to think what dreams you might be having." He turned to the men in the cabin, tense, silent men staring with wolfish

eyes each at his neighbor. "Selfish, and as Dr. Copper said—*every part is a whole*. Every piece is self-sufficient, an animal in itself.

"That, and one other thing, tell the story. There's nothing mysterious about blood; it's just as normal a body tissue as a piece of muscle or a piece of liver. But it hasn't so much connective tissue, tho it has millions, billions of life cells."

McReady continued: "This is satisfying, in a way. I'm pretty sure we humans still outnumber you—others. And we have what your other-world race evidently does not. Not an imitated, but a bred-in-the-bone instinct, a driving, unquenchable fire that's genuine.

"Alright! It's a showdown now. You know. You, with your mind-reading. You've lifted the idea from my brain. You can't do a thing about it.

"Standing here—"

"Let it pass. Blood is tissue. They have to bleed; if they don't bleed when cut, then by heaven, they're phony from hell! If they bleed—then that blood, separated from them, is an individual—a newly formed individual in its own right, just as they—split, all of them, from one original—are individuals!

"Get it, Van? See the answer, Bar?"

Van Wall laughed very softly. "The blood—the blood will not obey. It's a new individual, with all the desire to protect its own life that the original—the main mass from which it was split—has. The blood will live—and try to crawl away from a hot needle, say!"

"Dutton," said McReady, "suppose you stand over by the splice there. Just make sure no—thing pulls it loose. Now, Van, suppose you be first on this."

White-faced, Van Wall stepped forward. With a delicate precision, McReady cut a vein in the base of his thumb. A half inch of bright blood collected in the tube.

Van Wall stood motionlessly watching. McReady heated the platinum wire in the alcohol lamp flame, then dipped it into the tube. It hissed softly. Five times he repeated the test. "Human, I'd say." McReady sighed. "As yet, my theory hasn't been actually proven."

"Don't, by the way, get too interested in this. We have with us some unwelcome ones, no doubt. Van, will you relieve Barclay?"

Barclay grinned uncertainly; winced under the keen edge of the scalpel. Presently, smiling widely, he retrieved his long-handled weapon.

"Mr. Samuel Dutt—Bar!"

The tensely was released in that second. Whatever of hell the monsters may have had within them, the men in that instant matched it. Barclay had no chance to move his weapon, as a score of men poured down on the thing that had seemed Dutton. It mewled and spat and tried to grow fangs—and was a hundred broken, torn pieces. Without knives, or any weapon save the brute-given strength of a staff of picked men, the thing was crushed, rent.

Barclay went over with the electric weapon. Things smoldered and stank. The caustic acid Van Wall dropped on each spilled drop of blood gave off cough-pro-

voking fumes.

"Maybe," McReedy said, "I underrated man's abilities when I said nothing human could have the ferocity in the eyes of that thing we found. I wish we could have the opportunity to treat in a more befitting manner these things. Something with boiling oil, or melted lead in it, or maybe slow roasting in the power boiler. When I think what a man Dutton was—

"Never mind. My theory is confirmed by—by one who knew? Well, Van Wall and Barclay are proven. I think, then, that I'll try to show you what I already know. That I, too, am human." He cut the base of his thumb expertly.

Twenty seconds later he looked up from the desk at the waiting men. There were more grins out there now, yet withal, something else in the eyes.

"Maybe we can save time. Connant, would you step for—"

Again Barclay was too slow. There were more grins, less tensility still, when Barclay and Van Wall finished their work.

Garry spoke in a low bitter voice. "Connant was one of the finest men we had here—and 5 minutes ago I'd have sworn he was a man. Those damn things are more than imitation."

And 30 seconds later, Garry's blood shrank from the hot platinum wire, and struggled to escape the tube, struggled as frantically as a suddenly feral, red-eyed, dissolving imitation of Garry struggled to dodge the snake-tongue weapon Barclay advanced at him, white-faced and sweating. The thing in the test tube screamed with a tiny, tinny voice as McReedy dropped it into the glowing coal of the galley stove.

McReedy turned toward Van Wall at the long table. "Van, we've got to make an expedition to Blair's shack."

Three quarters of an hour to reach the snow-buried shack. No smoke came from the little shack, and the men hastened. "Blair!" Barclay roared into the wind when he was still 100 yards away.

"Shut up," said McReedy. "And hurry. He may be trying a lone hike. If we have to go after him—no planes, the tractors disabled—"

Barclay cautioned him to silence, pointing. A curious, fiercely blue light beat out from the cracks of the shack's door. A very low, soft humming sounded inside, and a clink and click of tools, the very sounds somehow bearing a message of frantic haste.

McReedy's face paled. "Lord help us if that thing has—"

McReedy peered thru a crack in the door. His breath sucked in huskily and his great grins clamped on Barclay's shoulder. "It isn't," he explained very softly, "Blair. It's kneeling on something on the bunk—something that keeps lifting. Whatever it's working on is a thing like a knapsack—and it lifts."

Together Barclay's powerful body and McReedy's giant strength struck the door. The door flung down from broken hinges.

Like a blue rubber ball, a thing bounced up. One of its 4 tentacle-like arms looped out like a striking snake. In a 7-tentacled

hand a 6-inch pencil of winking, shining metal glinted and swung upward to face them. Its line-thin lips twitched back from snake fangs in a grin of hate.

Norris's revolver thundered in the confined space. The hate-washed face twitched in agony, the looping tentacle snatched back. The silvery thing in its hand a smashed ruin of metal, the 7-tentacled hand became a mass of mangled flesh oozing greenish-yellow ichor. The revolver thundered 3 times more. Dark holes drilled each of the 3 eyes before Norris hurled the empty weapon against its face.

The huge blowtorch McReedy had brought thrust out a blue-white, 3-foot tongue. The thing on the floor shrieked, flailed out blindly with tentacles that writhed and withered in the bubbling wrath of the blowtorch. It crawled and turned on the floor, it shrieked and hobbled madly, but always McReedy held the blowtorch on the face, the dead eyes burning



and bubbling uselessly. Frantically the thing crawled and howled.

A tentacle sprouted a savage talon—and crisped in the flame. Steadily McReedy moved with a planned, grim campaign. Helpless, maddened, the thing retreated from the grunting torch, the caressing, licking tongue. For a moment it rebelled, squalling in inhuman hatred at the touch of its flesh bathing it. Hopelessly it retreated—on and on across the antarctic snow. The bitter wind swept over it, twisting the torch-tongue; vainly it flopped, a trail of oily, stinking smoke bubbling away from it—

McReedy walked back toward the shack silently. Barclay met him at the door. "No more?"

Barclay shook his head. "No more. It didn't split!"

"It had other things to think about, when I left it, it was a glowing coal. What was it doing?"

Norris laughed shortly. "Wise boys are. Smash magnets, so planes won't work. Rip the boiler tubing out of the tractors. And leave that thing alone for a week in this shack. Alone and undisturbed."

McReedy looked in at the shack more carefully. On a table at the far end rested a thing of coiled wires and small magnets,

glass tubing and radio tubes. At the center a block of rough stone rested. From the block came the light that flooded the place, the fiercely blue light, bluer than the glare of an electric arc, and from it came the sweetly soft hum. Off to one side was another mechanism of crystal glass, blown with an incredible neatness and delicacy, metal plates and a queer, shimmery sphere of insubstantiality.

"What is that?" McReedy moved nearer.

Norris grunted. "Leave it for investigation. But I can guess pretty well. That's atomic power. That stuff to the left—that's a neat little thing for doing what men have been trying to do with super cyclotrons and so forth."

"Where did he get all—oh. Of course. A monster couldn't be locked in—or out. He's been thru the apparatus caches" McReedy stared at the apparatus. "Lord, what minds that race must have—"

"The shimmery sphere—I think it's pure force."

McReedy plucked a thermometer from his coat. "It's 120° in here, despite the open door."

Norris nodded. "The light's cold. I found that. But it gives off heat to warm the place thru that coil. He had all the power in the world. He could keep it warm and pleasant, as his race thot of warmth and pleasantness. Did you notice the light, the color of it?"

McReedy nodded. "From a hotter planet that circled a brighter, bluer sun they came."

Barclay laughed softly. "Did you notice what it was working on when we came? Look." He pointed toward the ceiling of the shack.

Like a knapsack made of flattened coffee tins, with dangling cloth straps and leather belts, the mechanism clung to the ceiling. A tiny, glaring heart of supernal flame burned in it, yet burned thru the ceiling's wood without scorching it. Barclay walked over to it, grasped two of the dangling straps in his hands, and pulled it down with an effort. He strapped it about his body. A slight jump carried him in a weirdly slow arc across the room.

"Anti-gravity!" said McReedy softly.

"Anti-gravity," Norris nodded. "Yes, we had 'em stopped, with no planes and no birds. The birds hadn't come—but it had coffee tins and radio parts and glass and the machine shop at night. And a week—a whole week—all to itself. America in a single jump—with anti-gravity powered by atomic energy."

"We had 'em stopped. Another half hour—it was just tightening these straps on the device so it could wear it—and we'd have stayed in Antarctica, and shot down any moving thing that came from the rest of the world."

"The albatross—" McReedy said softly, "Do you suppose—"

"With this thing almost finished? With that death weapon it held in its hand?"

"No, by the grace of God and the margin of half an hour, we keep our world, and the planets of the system, too. Anti-gravity, you know, and controlled atomic power. Because *They* came from another bluer sun, a star beyond the stars!"

END



WHY DON'T YOU HAVE THESE VALUABLE BACK ISSUES OF
EERIE IN YOUR PRIVATE MAGAZINE COLLECTION?



#2



#3



#4



#5



#6



#7



#8



#9



#10



#11



#12



#13



#14



#15



#16



#17



#18



#19



#20



#21



#22



#23



#24



1970 YEARBOOK

MAIL COUPON TODAY—WHILE THEY LAST!

All Copies Mailed in a Sturdy Envelope for Protection

- ☐ #2 (\$2.50)
☐ #3 (\$1.00)
☐ #4 (\$1.00)
☐ #5 (\$1.00)
☐ #6 (\$1.00)
☐ #7 (\$1.00)
☐ #8 (\$1.00)
☐ #9 (75c)

- ☐ #10 (75c)
☐ #11 (75c)
☐ #12 (75c)
☐ #13 (75c)
☐ #14 (75c)
☐ #15 (75c)
☐ #16 (60c)
☐ #17 (60c)

- ☐ #18 (60c)
☐ #19 (60c)
☐ #20 (60c)
☐ #21 (60c)
☐ #22 (60c)
☐ #23 (60c)
☐ #24 (60c)

1970 YEARBOOK
(60c)

EERIE BACK ISSUE DEPT.
Box # 5987 Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

☐ I enclose \$_____ for back issues.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____



DR.

JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

(The Academy Award Version of 1932)

the man who became his own frankenstein monster!

Chapter I "SPECTACULAR THEORIES"

It is toward the end of the last century, in a gaslit London where evil beings like Jack the Ripper lurk.

Dr. Henry Jekyll (Fredric March) is about to make his appearance in a clinical auditorium to lecture a distinguished group of men of science and medicine and advanced students. His close friend, Dr. Lanyon (Holmes Herbert), is already in the audience. A scientist addresses Lanyon:

"I'll wager your friend Jekyll has something up his sleeve again!"

Lanyon replies: "Jekyll is always sensational, always indulging in spectacular theories."

An antagonistic scientist offers his unsolicited opinion: "Personally, I think he is quite mad!"

Lanyon good-natured agrees. "I'm afraid he is, as far as his theories are concerned."

The auditorium is rapidly filling. There is a buzz of excitement in the air. "I hope Jekyll's in form today," one student says to another. "If he is, the old codgers are in for another jolt."

"Jekyll's always in form," replies the second student. "I'd go anywhere to hear him."

Jekyll enters and all conversation ceases as though cut off by a knife. The handsome, commanding figure of the good doctor takes its place on the speaker's platform and begins to address the audience. "Gentlemen—"



And now the Commercial: "When Dr. Jekyll works late at night with his skeleton crew, he takes time out for a Dr. Pepper Upper. The magic formula? Two parts water to one part pepper!"

Chapter 2 HIDEBOUND MINDS IN FOGBOUND BODIES

"London is so full of fog that it has penetrated our minds, set boundaries for our vision. As men of science we should be curious and bold enough to peer beyond it into the many wonders it conceals.

"I shall not dwell today on the aspects of the human body—in sickness and in health; today, I want to talk to you of a greater marvel—the *soul* of man.

"My analysis of this soul—the human psyche—leads me to believe that man is not truly one but truly two. One of him strives for the nobilities of life: this we may call his good self. The other seeks an expression of impulses that bind him to some dim animal relation with the earth: this we may call the bad. These two carry on an eternal strug-

gle in the nature of man, and yet they are chained together; and that chain spells *repression* to the evil, *remorse* to the good.

"Now . . . if these two selves could be separated from each other, how much freer the good in us might be, what magnificent heights it might scale; and the so-called evil, once liberated, would fulfill itself and trouble us no more.

"I believe the day is not far off when this separation will be possible. In my experiments I have found that certain chemicals have the power—"

Jekyll's unorthodox ideas act like a catalyst on the audience. There is a great clamor of disbelief versus incredulous half-conviction.

"Visionary" . . . "quite mad" . . . "If each person is really two people, I wonder what my other self is like" . . . "too much for me" . . . "didn't quite follow it . . ."

Chapter 3 THE SAINTLY DOCTOR

Jekyll exits the auditorium with his friend Lanyon. Their conversation has the tone of a lively debate.

"I didn't expect you to agree with me, Lanyon."

"Agree with you? You talked like a lunatic!"

"What an old museum piece you are, Lanyon. I'm afraid the world will have to move on without you."

"An incurable lunatic, Jekyll. However, I hope you're sane enough to remember we're expected for a consultation at the Duchess of Densmore's."

Jekyll frowns. "I'm not going. Please give the Duchess my compliments—and some castor oil. I'm going to the free wards."

Lanyon complains. "Now, my dear fellow, do be reasonable—you can't neglect the Duchess for a lot of charity cases."

"*Can't* is a curseword to Jekyll, a red flag before a bull. "Can't I though, Lanyon? It's the things one 'can't' do that always tempt me!"

Lanyon sighs in resignation. "As you will . . . But please remember our dinner engagement at the Carews tonight."

"All right . . ." And Jekyll is off for the free wards.

At the charity hospital the good doctor is an angel of mercy, relieving the pain and suffering of one and all. He works on and, unnoticed, the hour grows late, the dinner date pressed into the back of his mind by the overflowing presence of human misery.

Chapter 4 FACE OF THE UNKNOWN

His fiancée's father is very upset with him when Dr. Jekyll finally appears, very late, at the dinner, but all this the young lover soon forgets when, a little while later, he is alone in the garden with Muriel Carew (Rose Hobart). "I love you so seriously that it frightens me," he tells her. "You've opened a gate for me into another world. Before that my work was everything. But now—you've come like an apparition between me and the dreams that I thought were enough. I was drawn to the mysteries of science—to the unknown. And now the unknown wears your face—looks back at me with your eyes."



"Champagne Ivy" is her name but when her boyfriend comes to call it isn't sham pain, it's real pain!



Jekyll is anxious to be married at once but Muriel's father demurs, insists on an engagement of almost a year's duration. Angry, Jekyll leaves.

Walking the dark streets of London with his friend Lanyon, Jekyll falls into an ancient argument with him. Lanyon declares: "I prefer the well-marked paths of science. I have no taste for the byways." Jekyll responds: "Ah, but it's in the byways that the secrets and the wonders lie—in science and in life. Look at London—how fascinating its hidden corners are! I say, what's that!" He breaks off suddenly as there is a commotion across the street.

A ruffian is molesting Ivy Parsons (Miriam Hopkins) and Jekyll rushes to her rescue. Afterward he carries the bruised girl to her room where, in gratitude, she kisses him—just as Lanyon enters.

It is an embarrassing moment but Jekyll laughs it off with, "I'm a doctor, you know, and I'll call that kiss my fee," as he and his friend depart.

Outside, Lanyon bitterly criticizes: "I thought your conduct quite disgusting!"

"Conduct? Why—a pretty girl kissed me! Should I have called the constable?"

"You ought to control such instincts."

"Are you pretending that you can or do?"

"Perhaps you've forgotten your engagement."

"Forgotten it?" Jekyll groans. "*Can a man dying of thirst forget water?* And do you know what would happen to that thirst if water were denied it?"

Lanyon is shocked by the implication, accuses Jekyll of being indecent, insists there are codes of conduct which must be accepted.

"I don't *want* to accept them!" flares Jekyll. "I want to be *clean*, not only in my conduct but in my innermost thoughts and desires. And there's only one way to do it—by separating the two natures in us!"

"Pah! That mad theory of yours!"

"Mad? We'll see, Lanyon; we'll see . . ."

Chapter 5 EXPERIMENT INCREDIBLE

Dr. Jekyll locks himself in his laboratory and works feverishly, determined to unlock the Siam-ese link that chains his evil nature to his good.

Test-tubes and tests . . . bubbling liquids . . . strange mixtures of chemical powders . . . notes . . . hopes . . . disappointments . . . sleepless endeavor . . . and then, at last, a tumbler of boiling liquid that promises to release the demon within him and send it to Hell!

He hesitates on the brink of the unknown, writes what may be a last note if the experiment should kill him: *If I die, I die in the best of causes—science. What wealth I have I leave to Muriel Carew, whose love I take with me into darkness. My books and my apparatus to the hospital.*

Then—he quaffs the liquid off . . . liberation? A convulsion courses through his body!

He is stricken by a spasm of pain.

His facial muscles contort, writhe.

And in the mirror he witnesses a horrible transformation. His once handsome young face ages, distorts, grows gross and vile. His lips thicken, teeth protrude, nose goes broad, eyebrows bushy, forehead bulging, hair wild . . .

The potion has watered the germ of evil within



The Mad Monster fights desperately for his life!



his body, caused it to grow at an incredible rate and, like a weed, choke down his better nature!

Rather than exorcizing the dark demon lurking within he has elevated it to control!

The reflection in the mirror is the man he will come to refer to as Mr. Hyde—the epitome of degeneracy; a grinning, leering, grimacing, sneering, snarling beast-man!

Agonizing moans and groans of torment have been issuing from the tortured throat of Dr. Jekyll but now a new sound emerges from the lips of Mr. Hyde: a cry of triumph. "Free! Free at last! Free to do and dare! Mad, eh, Lanyon? eh, Carew? Hypocrites! Deniers of life! 'You must wait, my dear fellow. You must deny yourself.' Bah! If you could see me now, what would you think—?"

Drawing a cape about him and grotesquely completing the gentlemanly ensemble with a top hat, he steals out of the laboratory, into the night—a night of horror.



Director Rouben Mamoulian congratulates Fredric March on the role destined to win an Academy Oscar.



Chapter 6 DARK DESTINY

As Mr. Hyde, Dr. Jekyll finds that the blond Ivy Parsons is very much on his mind and he goes to the tough Soho district to seek her out in a music hall. When a waiter brings him a drink, Hyde trips him with his cane and the man, infuriated, is about to retaliate when he is frozen by the expression of utter animal ferocity on Hyde's features. He backs away.

Hyde spots Ivy, sends another waiter to invite her to his table. Without seeing him from afar, she comes, but recoils in fear when she discovers what a mean, ugly, repugnant creature he is. But he will not let her go.

Hyde orders champagne.

A young friend of Ivy's spots her with Hyde and comes to the table, demanding that she accompany him.

Hyde erupts! Smashes a whisky bottle and menaces the young man to his face with the ragged edges of the broken glass. The frightened fellow beats a hasty retreat.

Terrified, Ivy manages to choke out: "I think I better be going home."

Hyde laughs maniacally. "Home! You call that pigsty home?"

Ivy is horrified that he somehow knows where she lives. She would love to escape him but is powerless to resist when he insists on accompanying her . . .

Chapter 7 THE HORROR GROWS

In ensuing days Mr. Hyde spends more and more time with the terrified Ivy. He taunts her, teases her, torments and beats her—acts like a veritable *de Sade*.

Lifting her sleeve one morning he gloats over the black and blue marks on her arm. "If I ever catch you lying," he growls, "and I'll find out if you do, these are a trifle to what you'll get . . . a trifle!"

He pushes her from him like a dirty plate.

While wolfing food like a wild beast, he startles her by demanding: "Say it aloud!"

"What do you mean?" she cringes.

"What do I mean! Don't you think I can read your thoughts? You hate me, don't you? I'm not good enough for you! I'm not a nice kind gentleman like—(he stops himself short before giving away the name uppermost in his mind)—like, never mind. Tell me you hate me."

"I don't know what you mean," Ivy stammers.

"Oh, you don't? Why, then," Hyde leers, "if you don't hate me . . . you must LOVE me! Isn't that so, my little one?" With a shout: "ISN'T IT?!"

Ivy manages a weak "yes, sir."

Playing with her like a cat with a mouse, Hyde announces: "I'm afraid I have bad news for you: I'm going away for a few days."

Ivy can hardly conceal her relief.

"But—you don't know when I'll be back!" Hyde adds.

Chapter 9 IN THE SPIDER'S NET

When the Hyde side of his nature dies down and

Jekyll returns to being the kindly doctor, he feels remorse for the pain he has caused Ivy and has his butler take a gift of money to her.

Puzzled, Ivy seeks Jekyll out in his home—and shows him the signs of Hyde's cruelty—blue welts across her back. She sobs: "He ain't human, sir—he's a beast! He won't let me go and I'm afraid to run away! I've tried to drown myself but I can't. Oh, you, with the kindest heart in the world, sir, won't you please give me some poison so I can kill myself!"

Jekyll is aghast. He suggests the police.

Ivy shakes her head. "I'm afraid. He ain't a man, sir—he's a devil. He knows what you're thinking. I'm afraid of him now. If he knows I've been here today I don't know *what* he'll do—it won't be anything human!"

Jekyll guarantees the distraught woman that Hyde will never trouble her again but she expresses her disbelief.

"I have given you my word," Jekyll assures her, "and *that* I *never* break. You will not see Hyde again—believe me!"

Somewhat reassured, Ivy leaves.

Chapter 10 UNCONTROLABLE HORROR

The time has come for his wedding to be announced and Dr. Jekyll starts for the home of his fiancée for a formal party. En route he pauses for a moment on a park bench. His hands rest on the cane held between his knees. He gazes up peacefully at the moon. A bird sings.

A cat stealthily approaches. It slithers up the tree. Jekyll, suddenly realizing the feline's intent, jumps up and tries with his cane to shoo the menace away. Too late. The birdsong is abruptly silenced.

Jekyll begins to tremble. He returns to the bench, sits down, rests his hands on the cane's head as before.

Slowly his hands change into those of Hyde!

His face changes from an expression of pity to one of gleeful malevolence. He starts off in a direction *away* from the party . . .

Hyde's goal is Ivy.

Ivy is presently sitting in her room, celebrating with a bottle of wine the belief that Hyde will harm her no more. "Here's hoping Hyde rots wherever he is," she chants to herself, "and burns where he ought to be!"

At that, the door opens and Hyde enters.

Ivy is frozen with horror as she watches this satanic monster lock the door behind him and calculatingly approach her.

Hyde cries out: "You thought I wouldn't come back, didn't you? You forgot my promise, didn't you? I told you if you ever betrayed me, I'd show you what *horror* was. Well, you took the word of that sniveling hypocrite Jekyll against mine—and now you shall know!"

Ivy can't believe her ears. How could Hyde know? Is he the Devil himself?

Hyde continues to rave. "You went down on your knees to him . . . *him* . . . the man I hate more than anybody in the world! You begged him to be your lover! I'll give you a lover now—the kind



Ready for a Night at the Opera. When the Marx Bros. learned Mr. Hyde was going, they decided to stay home and watch a WCFields comedy on TV.



The Shape of Things to Come: Dr. Jekyll sees an apparition of his evil side Hyding in the fearplace.



Here he comes—ready or not!

you deserve. His name is DEATH!"

Ivy springs to her feet in terror. "You *must* be the Devil! There was no one there but Dr. Jekyll and me. *He* wouldn't have told you!"

Hyde's face contorts more evilly than ever. He relishes the ghastly revelation he is about to make. "Wouldn't he? Listen, my dear—I'm going to let you in on a secret—a secret so great that those who share it with me cannot live!"

Ivy's eyes start out of her head.

"I AM JEKYLL!"

She shrieks and flees for her bedroom.

Hyde follows.

Like the cat and the birdsong, the screaming abruptly ceases.

Chapter 11 HYDE'S PREDICAMENT

Hyde, having murdered, now hurries for the safety of Jekyll's laboratory. But, once outside his own door he realizes he does not have the key!

He hammers on the door to his home with his cane. His butler answers but of course does not recognize the hairy Hyde as his handsome master Jekyll, and he is refused entrance. Frustrated, he whirls and scuttles away into the night.

Hyde composes a hasty note and has it delivered to his friend. Lanyon is instructed to obtain cer-

tain drugs from Jekyll's laboratory and return with them to his home.

Hyde appears at Lanyon's home at midnight "to pick up a package for Henry Jekyll" but Lanyon is suspicious and finally forces Hyde to reveal his mind-wrenching secret as the distraught man drinks the potion and before his friend's very eyes reverts to the kindly Dr. Jekyll.

Chapter 12 FATE DRAWS NIGH

Dr. Jekyll is once again in his own home. He reads with horror the headlines of the brutal murder of Ivy Parsons and realizes that it is his evil twin that is being sought. "Oh, God," he groans, "this I did not intend. I saw a light but I could not see where it was leading. I have trespassed upon your domain. I have gone farther than man should go!"

That night he goes to the home of his fiancée to confess all to her. "I would give my soul just to touch you," he sobs, "but I have no soul! I am one of the living dead!"

Jekyll departs—but outside the transformation involuntarily overtakes him again! Once more a monster, he returns to attack his own sweetheart!

Muriel's father comes to her defense. Hyde knocks Carew unconscious and flees for his life.

Back at his laboratory, the doomed man mixes one last draught of the liquid that returns him to normal.

Chapter 13 END OF THE MAN WHO WAS TWO MEN

When the police arrive, Jekyll exclaims: "Hyde was here—he went out the back door!"

But Lanyon appears on the scene and Jekyll turns white for he knows Lanyon knows his guilty secret. Cornered, the desperation of the situation causes the sick mad psyche within Dr. Jekyll to take control as, fighting for survival, Hyde springs forth from his bodily prison.

The monster fights with the fury of many men. Bodies are battered, equipment smashed, the lab becomes a shambles as the whirlwind of evil incarnate destroys everything in its path.

Suddenly—a shot rings out.


A police official stands, smoking pistol in hand. Hyde falls to the floor, his body grotesquely bent.

Gradually the body straightens in death, the face of horror becomes human once again, serene.

Lanyon shakes his head. "Death," he says, "has understood him better than we."

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde have simultaneously died. A single bullet has been judge of one man, executioner of another.

END



**ME? ON
CANDID
CAMERA?**

**HIPPY
SINGER
AHEAD
OF HIS
TIME**

the clown at midnite

No. 4 in Our Serious Series on Imaginative Movies



AUTHOR ROBERT BLOCH
(The Smiler with a Knife)

When asked by FJA, "Who was that lady I saw you eating with?" he replied, "That was no lady, that was my knife!"

His "PSYCHO" shook strong hearts, broke long-standing box-office records.

His COUCH will soon have you flat on your back with fright and his MERRY-GO-ROUND (cinemadapted from Ray Bradbury's "Black Ferris") promises dizzy thrills & duck-bumps.

You've chilled to his hour-long fright fare — "Waxworks", "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper", "The Cheaters" — on Thriller and luffed nervously at his humorous humor as half hours ticked by on the Hitch Clock.

You've applauded his "Menace, Anyone?" in our 10th issue and repeatedly begged for more so here's the explosive concluding instalment of Atom Swift and His Robot Bloch Buster.

IF CENSORS HAVE A DISTORTED IDEA of what constitutes real horror, audiences seem to retain more than their share of misconceptions. In film after film the great Lon Chaney played a succession of cripples and deformed men; he earned a deserved reputation as "The Man of a Thousand Faces". But aside from his role as the Phantom in

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, Chaney seldom played outright "monster" roles. Usually he sacrificed his life for the heroine. Yet to the public Chaney was a maker of "horror movies".

The same is true of Karloff. After his FRANKENSTEIN series and THE MUM-



The Clown Himself one Midday in 1924 in his role as HE WHO GETS SLAPPED. LON CHANEY SHALL NOT DIE!



A Black Lagoonish Creature strikes South of the Border in **EL CASTILLO DE LOS MONSTRUOS (THE CASTLE OF THE MONSTERS)**, recent Mexican horror movie.

J. Carroll Naish as the Apeman in **DR. RENAULT'S SECRET (1942)** with the late Geo. Zucco.



MY, he appeared in dozens of films and a great many of them featured him for what he is—a mild-mannered man with a lisp. The theme song for these allegedly blood-curdling shockers might well have been "That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine". Time after time Karloff was a kindly, elderly physician or scientist with the inevitable beautiful daughter. Upon completing a discovery or invention which he idealistically hopes will aid humanity, he inadvertently causes the death of some innocent bystander or bit-player, whereupon he is persecuted by the police or by the real villain who wants to misuse the apparatus. Karloff thereupon goes off his rocker faster than Whistler's Mother if she'd landed on a pin-cushion and tries to get rid of his tormentors. In the end, to save his daughter, he sacrifices his own life. Despite the laboratory scenes and the inevitable threats and grimaces of the "mad scientist" role, these films will hardly horrify anyone except lovers of good drama.

the shock of things too calm

Karloff played the Monster in two sequels to his **FRANKENSTEIN** but each subsequent version managed to dilute the blood-letting (tho we do have fond memories of the Monster shrieking in agony as the old mill goes up in flames, and another in which he drowns in what looks like a vat of bubbling oatmeal). At times Karloff has appeared as a loutish criminal or the innocent victim of some other "mad scientist" and his experiments. Quite understandably, he seeks revenge until exterminated by bumping into a rheostat. Again, the shock of these sequences is purely electrical.

Lon Chaney Jr., has consistently been cast, or rather miscast—for he is considered, with some cause, an excellent actor—in routine villain roles. He has moved in and out of various series chronicling the resurrections of various monsters, mummies, vampires and victims of Five O'Clock Shadow. Most conspicuous among the latter is **THE WOLF MAN**. Chaney, an innocent young man brought up in the U.S., returns to his ancestral home in England and falls prey to a werewolf. He is quite unhappy in his role as a hairy heir but this doesn't save him. In the end his father



The Human Monster is Ady Berber in the new W. German thriller **DEAD EYES OF LONDON**, based on a story by the late Edgar Wallace.

beats him to death with a silver-headed cane.

the many sides of jekyll's hydes

The censors have not read the true meaning into the various versions of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. Dr. Jekyll, who becomes transformed after drinking a potion, has been played with properly terrifying effect by John Barrymore, Fredric March and Spencer Tracy. The "metamorphosis" scenes are worthy of inclusion in any listing of cinematic horrors. The censors eliminated some of the "morbid" close-ups of bestial Mr. Hyde beating his

girl friend—in Tracy's case a truly beautiful Ingrid Bergman—but never bothered to eliminate his other bestial activities.

True horror was also lacking, oddly enough, in the antics of such esteemed "monsters" as Bela Lugosi & Peter Lorre. DRACULA ostensibly portrayed a vampire in full denture but actually celebrated the career of the nocturnal prowler. Lugosi symbolized the Continental Seducer, sleek-haired and irresistible; he was merely another version of the Filthy Foreigner originally portrayed by Erich von Stroheim. Von Stroheim kissed hands and Lugosi bit necks but both were primarily menaces not true monsters. Lugosi, like other specialists in the *genre*, later drifted into routine villain roles, along with Claude Rains, Lionel Atwill & John Carradine.

One of the mighty underground machines servicing the 20 million citizens of the super city of the 21st Century, METROPOLIS!





Jean-Louis Barrault as the latest Jekyll-Hyde in the French production of *THE TESTAMENT OF DR. CORDELLIER*.

the lorre story

Peter Lorre first won fame in the German film *M* but his monster was a fiend. In most of his American movies Lorre has played droll crooks or nasty informers, unpleasant enough at times but hardly frightening. Brief moments in the British version of *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* and the American *STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR* are almost the only exceptions. In *THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK* he seeks revenge because of a face scarred by fire (shades of *MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM* and *HOUSE OF WAX*!) but his motivation is understandable enough.

Just once did Lorre escape being mired in commonplace menace roles. This was in his first American film, *MAD LOVE*. This was a true shocker—and a flat failure. Karl Freund, who served as cameraman on *THE LAST LAUGH*, directed the picture and

created some chilling sequences. The scene where the madman poses as a guillotine victim whose head has been sewed back onto his body is far more terrifying than a dozen glimpses of rubber-suited “Things” emerging from Black Lagoons or descending from Outer Space. Given similar roles Lorre might still triumph in real horror films. But the last time I saw him he was playing an overweight clown.

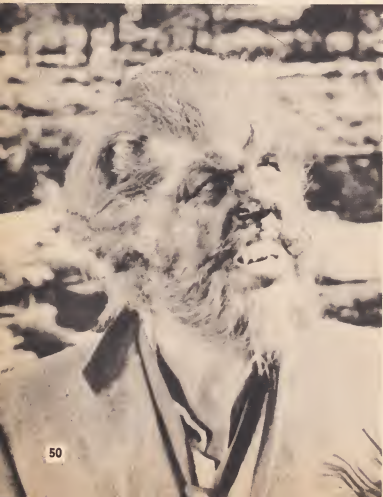
nitemares in negative

SO FAR WE’VE CONSIDERED what a horror film is *not*. It is *not* a picture where a character, supernatural or human, pursues a woman into the brush; even a Wolf Man is merely a “wolf” at heart. Nor is it a movie in which a wronged man turns on society in revenge, be it ever so gruesome. It is not a movie that stresses torture or sadism. Even tho the Christians are served up to the lions in



Because YOU axed for it, another characterization by everybody's great favorite, the late Bela Lugosi in **WHITE ZOMBIE** (30 years ago).

Steven Ritch as **THE WEREWOLF** in the Columbia film of 1956. Don Megowan was also in it and later played the Monster in the television of *Tales of Frankenstein*.



QUO VADIS, this hardly makes it a "horror epic.

The mere use of supernatural devices is no guarantee in itself; **THE INVISIBLE MAN** was in some sequences as funny as **TOPPER**. The modern "science-fiction movies which pack the drive-ins today are palpable spectacles in which miniature sets and the make-up department have the starring roles, "Mysteries" seldom shock us any



BELA LUGOSI as **DRACULA**. (And if we don't get thousands of indignant letters pointing out the errors in this caption, we'll know you readers are all asleep. OK—so we know it's really **LON CHANEY JR.** as **THE MUMMY**!!)

longer; hands may clutch and bodies fall from closets in the time-honored tradition of Paul Leni's **THE CAT AND THE CANARY** but the Cat was only a man, after all, and so was the *Bat* and the *Gorilla* and the various cinematic incarnations of Jerry Lewis, for that matter.

Stripped of their symbolism & sadistic sequences and supernatural or super-scientific skullduggery, most of the supposed "horror movies"—particularly the monster monstrosities being produced lately—just don't fill the double bill. The censors have hacked the heart out of fright flicks and the producers themselves have sold their col-



A Siamese Cyclops who gives the Three Stooges double trouble in **THE THREE STOOGES MEET HERCULES**, a new Columbia Picture release.



MUTANO THE HORRIBLE (Chas. McDonald), new W. Germany thriller of a town terrorized by a teenage monster-maker, his ghoul and a nocturnal vampire.

A Magic Sword . . . A Cloak of Invisibility . . . Men turned to Stone . . . a Fire-Breathing Dragon — these were some of the thrilling things your editor saw in **SIEGFRIED** when he was about 7 years old. Here, from this never-to-be-forgotten Fritz Lang classic of 1923, the almost invulnerable hero meets the evil Gnome King in the midst of the eerie mist-shrouded Forest of Desolation.



lective imaginations for a mess of *papier-mache*.

successful shockers

The few films left, which set out to terrify by any manner or method available, succeed because writer, producer, director and actors stick steadfastly to their sinister purpose. They know what fear & horror are and they play upon the human emotions with all the skill of a professional musician caressing the strings of a harp.

Scenes in horror movies made by these dedicated souls are usually brilliantly brought off. I do not speak now of the liberal spattering of tomato ketchup in a technicolor *BLOOD OF DRACULA*. I have in mind the faint trickle of blood under the door in a scene in *THE CAT PEOPLE* (directed by Val Lewton and starring Simone Simone) where the little girl is locked out of her house by her mother, who thinks that the big cat pursuing her daughter is only a child's fantasy. You don't see the cat, you



Ten years ago, LON CHANEY JR. met Boris Karloff in *THE BLACK CASTLE*.

The Faceless Men and the Winged Horse, two of the many strange sights in the Italian remake of THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD, 1961.





Man-size monsters do not make it easy but **HERCULES CONQUERS ATLANTIS** in this latest in the Italian superman series.

A robot and two creatures from space in **THE SHIP OF THE MONSTERS (LA NAVE DE LOS MONSTRUOS)**, modern Mexican scientific film.





Now you should be quieted, all of you who rioted when **CHARLES LAUGHTON** was omitted from the **HUNCHBACK(S) OF NOTRE DAME** shown in FM #15.



The four-faced freak (statue) in the French fantasy **THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS** (Jean Cocteau production).

don't see the girl. You're in the kitchen, listening to the terrified child pleading to be let in. Then the scream . . . and the horrible silence . . . and the blood.

frightmares, first class

There is horror in madness, and when Michael Redgrave, as the crazed ventriloquist, speaks in the dummy's voice in **DEAD OF NIGHT**, the audience knows the sheer shock of schizophrenia. The world of the pinheaded idiots, midgets and the armless-legless torso in **FREAKS** was enough to inspire nightmares for a solid year of Sundays.

The "It was all a diabolical plot" movie is almost as much of a cheat as the "It was all a dream" picture but we can forgive it, amidst our shudders, when we see the supposed corpse rising from the tub in **DIA-BOLIQUE** . . . and we feel relief in our screams as it thumbs out its eyeballs.

Fantasy alone is no guarantee of grisliness, unless played as straight and as superbly as in the first sequence of the British film **THREE CASES OF MURDER**. The episode titled **IN THE PICTURE** is indeed the stuff bad dreams are made of. In

it, a visitor to an art gallery is carefully inspecting a landscape painting of an old deserted house when suddenly a light goes on in one of the windows of the house.

moments of true horror

MONSTERS & GHOSTS are not necessarily frightful in themselves; one laughs at the staring extras of the various "zombie" movies but one shudders at the totally unseen horror of **THE UNINVITED**. Even a movie like **THE THING** had its moments of true horror as the blanket left on the cake of ice in which the monster is frozen helps to defrost it. We see only the slow drip-drip-drip of water from under the blanket and then hear the sudden, stifled scream from the soldier left to guard it. And who can forget the scene where the monstrous half-vegetable arm erupts from the greenhouse?

I hold no brief for the monster movies and the science-fiction (so called) films made today in which a skeleton dances over the ceiling of a theatre or the seats wired for shocks—surely the final convincing proof, if any were needed, of the paucity of imagination of today's movie makers. Such films may entertain the kiddies and presumably they serve a purpose for dating couples who need a reason to cuddle in the dark—but they're not true horror pictures. For that matter, the horrors of dope addiction in a **MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM** serve far better to induce throat-clogging terror.

The sophisticates will probably continue to sneer at *all* horror films, the censors will snip out the perils and we who cherish the creeps will continue to haunt the local cinema for shocks & shudders and the wholesome release of fears as old as all mankind.

terror at 12 pm

Where our search will lead, I don't know. It may be that we'll discover the ultimate cinematic horror in a clown. Years ago, Lon Chaney said:

"A clown is funny in the circus ring, but what would be the normal reaction to opening a door at midnight and finding the same clown standing there in the moonlight?"

That, to me, is the essence of true horror—the clown, at midnight. **END**



"Exotic, bizarre and fantastic in the best Teutonic style" was said of **THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. RAMPER**, German science-horror shocker of the early 30s. Further fotos from this forgotten thriller, and the story of the picture, will be featured in a future issue.

LIKE INVESTING IN A GHOUL MINE!



#56 KARLOFF



#57 GREEN SLIME



#58 MALTESE BIPPY



1970 YEARBOOK

BACK
ISSUES of
FAMOUS
MONSTERS
for YOUR
PRIVATE
COLLECTION!



#49 NEW COMIC STRIP



#50 GORGOL

COLLECTOR'S RARE EDITION FAMOUS MONSTERS PAPERBACK

FAMOUS MONSTERS re-prints the best from our first 5 years of publication—available at a bargain price in permanent paperback book form! A full 160 pages of rare out-of-print pictures of Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, the Chaney Sr. & Jr., Christopher Lee . . . all your favorites!



#51 WOLFMAN SPECIAL



#52 BARNABAS



#53 HAMMER'S HORRORS



#54 CHRISTOPHER LEE



MONSTER MAKE-UP BOOK



#55 DRACULA 2000

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1963 YEARBOOK (\$1.20) | <input type="checkbox"/> #40 (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #55 (70c) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1964 YEARBOOK (\$1.20) | <input type="checkbox"/> #41 (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #56 (70c) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1965 YEARBOOK (\$1.20) | <input type="checkbox"/> #42 (70c) | <input type="checkbox"/> #57 (70c) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1966 YEARBOOK (\$1.20) | <input type="checkbox"/> #43 (70c) | <input type="checkbox"/> #58 (70c) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1967 YEARBOOK (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #44 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1968 YEARBOOK (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #45 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1969 YEARBOOK (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #46 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1970 YEARBOOK (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #47 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #31 (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #48 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #32 (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #49 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #33 (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #50 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #34 (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #51 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #35 (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #52 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #36 (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #53 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #37 (\$1) | <input type="checkbox"/> #54 (70c) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #38 (\$1) | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #39 (\$1) | | |

MAKE-UP BOOK (\$1)
MONSTER PAPERBACK (75c)

FAMOUS MONSTERS BACK ISSUE Dept.
Box #5987 Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y. 10017

☐ I enclose \$_____ for the back issues.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....ZIP CODE NO.....

SORRY NO CANADIAN OR FOREIGN ORDERS

YOU AXED FOR IT

Send your
requests to:
Dr. AX, Famous
Monsters,
22 E. 42nd St.,
New York,
N.Y. 10017.
Then, watch for
YOUR name
and YOUR
request!



Horrors! This scene was cut out of the American version of *HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM*, Herman Cohen's color hit of 1959. Here Michael Gough reveals his villainy for JERRY CARVETH, MARK BURNS, GERALD F. SARAUER, BILL FREELS, JOE GIBBS, DENNIS SMITH, SCOTT RIBACK & JACK TYDINGS.



When it appeared as a newspaper ad all over the country, this fantastic artist's concept of Vincent Price's face from *MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH* made such a hit with horror fans that they wanted a better, more permanent reproduction of it. Here it is for *all* of you and in particular RAE PICKERING, JOSEPH SEECHACK, JEFF SMITH & MARK E. HAAS.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED

BACK ISSUES OF STI NOW AVAILABLE!!!!

GET THESE
EXCITING BACK ISSUES
OF THE WORLD'S ONLY
ACTION FILM
MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO TODAY'S POPULAR
SERIAL HEROES.



No. 1—Sensational COLLECTOR'S EDITION Presents: The Story of the 13 Movie TARZANS, A Daring Silent Screen Stuntman, A Fabulous Run-Down on SERIALS, SUPERMAN'S Facts on the Screen, NAKED CITY'S Death-Defying Daredevil, The Inimitable 3 STOOGES, DICK TRACY'S Career.



No. 4—BEHIND-THE-SCENES Exclusives Include: The Story of an Amazing Movie TARZAN, BATMAN & ROBIN, Silent SERIAL THRILLERS, Famous WAR Movies, THE SHADOW, The "Truth" about HOLLYWOOD, Western Screen Favorites, SIREN OF THE SERIALS, plus FLYNN, FAIRBANKS, SR. & JR.



No. 5—Hillbillies from Silent Days to THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES, BATMAN & ROBIN, ROBERT MITCHELL's Story, HUNTZ HALL'S DEAD END KIDS and BOWERY BOYS, MAE CLARKE'S Movies with JAMES CAGNEY and BOBIS KARLOFF, LAUREL & HARDY'S Best, plus HOPALONG CASSIDY.



No. 6—MAJOR PERSONALITIES Issue Includes: ROBERT TAYLOR's Story in Films, RED SKELTON's Funniest Movies, The Time CHARLIE CHAN Lost a Case, THE PHANTOM's Screen Debut, Conclusion of Story on REPUBLIC PICTURES, Stuntier DAVE SHARPE, TOM TYLER, plus MIX, MAYNARD, MCCOY.



No. 7—SCREEN CLASSICS Edition Features: HUMPHREY BOGART & His Never-To-Be-Forgotten Films, ALAN HOWBRY's Greatest Roles, Thrill-Packed SERIAL Story of CAPTAIN AMERICA, Stuntman from SILENT DAYS, COMEDIAN's Best Friend, EROL FLYNN as ROBIN HOOD, TOM KEENE, etc.



No. 8—MOVIE MEMORIES Edition presents: Sinister SPIDER on the screen, Those mad-cap MARX BROTHERS, KEN MAYNARD on TV, Famous Film's REVIVAL, Flash-backs' Special Tribute to the late SABU, JAMES STEWART's Rugged Career Story, Cowboys in WESTERN HALL OF FAME, plus many others.

I enclose \$1.25 for each of the following back issues of SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED: Please Rush!

- ☐ Issue #1
☐ Issue #4
☐ Issue #5

- ☐ Issue #6
☐ Issue #7
☐ Issue #8
☐ Issue #9

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zipcode _____

MAIL TO: WARREN PUBLISHING CO.
22 E. 42nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

NEW! 8mm HOME MOVIE HORROR SHOCKERS ON FILM!

Own these fabulous terror thrillers for your very own. Now the same films that you read about in the pages of FAMOUS MONSTERS can come alive on your home screen. You can run them again and again for the chill of your life. True weird classics, these productions represent the work of leading Hollywood producers, directors and casts. All films are approx. 200 feet in length, which is one COMPLETE reel. On standard 8mm home projectors each film is 15 FULL minutes of sinister cinema.



SON OF KONG

It picks up where KONG left off. Return with Carl Dennen to Skull Island, see what new terrors are in store for him.

\$6.95

Bela Lugosi in MY SON THE VAMPIRE

This film was originally titled "Old Mother Riley Meets The Vampire". It was never distributed in the U.S. A reel must for Lugosi fans.

\$6.95



The HUNCHBACK
of Notre Dame
Charles Laughton in his unforgettable performance as Quasimodo, the deformed bell ringer of Notre Dame. Supported by such great stars as Maureen O'Hara and Thomas Mitchell.

\$6.95



BAT MEN OF AFRICA \$6.95

After many breath-taking encounters with lions, savages, and Bat Men, Clyde Beatty and friends survive the terrifying earthquake that devastates the lost African city of Joba.



the MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN

A treat for all fans of Republic serials. Fast moving drama. 200 foot reel

\$6.95

400 foot reel

\$10.95



THE THING
From Another World
One of the great Sci-Fi Classics. Is it Animal? Mineral? or Vegetable? James Arness plays "The Thing".

\$6.95

HUMAN MONSTER

Bela Lugosi stars in this great Edger Wallace thriller. Two reels (400 feet of film.)

\$11.95



Mighty JOE YOUNG

Another triumph from the father of KONG Willis O'Brien. See the fantastic battle between Mighty Joe Young and the lions.

\$6.95



THE INVISIBLE GHOST...
Bela Lugosi in a thriller

\$5.95

FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER... horror beyond belief!

\$5.95

THE VAMPIRE BAT... with Fay Wray, Lionel Atwell, and Melvin Douglas

\$5.95

HIGHLIGHTS OF HORROR... scenes from PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME and THE CAT and THE CANARY

\$5.95

SHE-MONSTER OF THE NIGHT... terror in the shadows

\$5.95

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS... with Lili Palmer and Leslie Banks

\$5.95

TERROR OF DRACULA NOSFERATU... The original Dracula. 400 feet of film (2 reels)

\$10.95

MISSILE TO THE MOON... earthmen on the moon

\$5.95

MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM... chills and suspense

\$5.95

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE INVISIBLE GHOST (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> SON OF KONG (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HIGHLIGHTS OF HORROR (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> MY SON THE VAMPIRE (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TERROR OF DRACULA (\$10.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> BAT MEN OF AFRICA (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SHE-MONSTER OF THE NIGHT (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MISSILE TO THE MOON (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN (\$10.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE VAMPIRE BAT (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE THING (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> HUMAN MONSTER (\$11.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (\$6.95) |

CAPTAIN COMPANY,
P.O. Box 9987, Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

Please rush me the films indicated for which I enclose
\$.....plus 35c postage & handling for each film checked.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

CONAN

THE MOST FANTASTIC FANTASY HERO IN FICTION! 10 SUPER-GREAT TITLES!

Thrill to the most savage battles of fantasy-adventure's mightiest hero! CONAN, the barbarian king! A powerful giant driven by animal lust, he braved the savagery of enemy hordes and sinister magic with a fierceness that knows no equal in adventure fiction. Get these triumphant epics of sword and sorcery! Order your copies by coupon!



FROM: CONAN
THE CONQUEROR



FROM: CONAN
OF THE ISLES



FROM: CONAN
THE FREEBOOTER

CAPTAIN CO.
P.O. BOX 5987
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

Please RUSH my copies of Conan adventure books as marked. Special rate for all ten books—\$9.00 postage free. Otherwise, add 20¢ for each book to cover the cost of postage and handling.

— Conan	— Conan
— of Cimmeria 95¢	— Conan 95¢
— Conan	— Conan
— The Adventurer 95¢	— The Freebooter 95¢
— Conan	— Conan
— The Warrior 95¢	— The Usurper 95¢
— Conan	— Conan
— The Avenger 95¢	— Of The Isles 95¢
— Conan	— Conan
— The Wanderer 95¢	— The Conqueror 95¢

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

Zip _____



BATMAN

AMAZING
KIT GIVES
YOU REAL
LIFE
REPLICA OF
AMERICA'S
FABULOUS
COMIC BOOK
HERO!



BATMAN IS ALIVE In this marvelous kit. Easy to assemble, wonderful to own and keep on desk, dresser, shelf or bookcase. Kit includes full color BATMAN, eerie old owl, replicas of bats . . . all in beautiful carved models. Be the first to own this amazing model of BATMAN. Only 98¢ plus 37¢ postage & handling.

CAPTAIN CO., P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

State Required by the Act of October 23, 1962, Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code, showing the ownership, management and circulation of FAMOUS MONSTER OF FILMLAND.

Date of Filing: Oct. 1, 1969

Published monthly at 22 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Publisher: James Warren, 22 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Editor: Forrest J. Ackerman, 22 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Managing Editor: Nancy Nieman, 22 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

The Owner is: Warren Publishing Company, 22 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. James Warren, 22 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

	Avg. No. Copies Ex. Issued During Preceding 12 Mos.	Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date
Total No. Copies Printed Paid Circulation	150,765	150,187

Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	93,425	92,989
Mail Subscriptions	916	807
Total Paid Circulation	94,341	93,796
Free Distribution by Mail, Carrier or Other Means	73	73
Total Distribution	94,414	93,869
Office Use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	56,351	56,318
Total	150,765	150,187

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) James Warren, Publisher



FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK

50 MINUTES OF SHEER TERROR—BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE EDITORS OF FAMOUS MONSTERS MAGAZINE!

YOU ARE DR. FRANKENSTEIN—for only you can bring his horrible creation back to life... through the magic of this real-at-death high fidelity recording! And more! You will also bring Count Dracula back to life! You will hear this human vampire. You will almost feel him as he reaches out for you. This is a collector's item, available in limited edition. Order Today! Only \$1.98.

KARLOFF TELLS YOU: "TALES OF MYSTERY & IMAGINATION"

Only as Karloff can tell it... "THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW" and "RIP VAN WINKLE". A brand new record by the master storyteller of horror and mystery. In all the frightening powers of his voice with the chilling background of special sound effects, you live the great classic horror tales of the headless horseman. The night lives with terror and you sit in your room and hear the sounds and maybe if you look out your window, you'll catch a fast look at the night rider who roams the countryside. Only \$1.98.



NIGHTMARE, ANTONYON You've heard of records in a humorous vein—well this one is **HORROR** in a JUGULAR VEIN. A frightening narration from the series of Edgar Allan Poe, THE PIT and THE PENDULUM is tough on your nerves, but wait until you hear the TELL-TALE HEART—Poe's most terrifying stories. Only \$1.98.



THE OFFICIAL ADVENTURES OF FLASH GORDON, starring Buster Crabbe as Flash Gordon with Dale Arden, Dr. Zerkow and Ming the Merciless. Astounding Live-Action Tales on the Planet Mongo. Two complete adventures. Only \$1.98.



HORROR—THE SON OF NIGHTMARE; a classic tale of terror spoken in eerie tones with the right kind of background music. Actually hearing this story told in your own home is enough to scare you out of your wits. Have your blood curdled by the tale of THE BLACK CAT, by EDGAR ALLAN POE. Only \$1.98.



A grim, ghostly tale of horror that will fill you with lingering FRIGHT, written by the master of thriller-chillers—Edgar Allan Poe. You will remember "THE HOUSE OF USHER" (this most famous tale) with shuddering fear every time you're alone on a deserted street! A sinister narration by Richard Taylor. Only \$1.98.



FAMOUS GHOST & HORROR STORIES read by Nelson Olmsted, radio's famous sinister voice, includes THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, Dickens' THE MUMMY'S FOOT, WHAT WAS IT, THE BODY SNATCHER, OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE and others. Only \$4.98.



On any Wednesday night in the late 30's and early 40's, when radio was king, the lights would be on in my house and the radio tuned to a program called "LIGHTS OUT," directed by Arch Oboler, whose talent scared the wits out of America with this blood-chilling series. Here is a sampler of this pioneer of horror that has never been matched. Only \$5.98.



CLASSIC TALES OF TERROR to make you shiver in your boots. Be prepared for maniacal action when you listen to these spine-tingling narrations penned by the master of the macabre Edgar Allan Poe. MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH and THE PREMATURE BURIAL are among these best and most terrifying tales. Only \$1.98.



A wild SPIKE JONES album featuring DRACULA, VAMPIRA & THE MAD DOCTOR, in TEENAGE BRAIN SURGEON, MONSTER MOVIE BALL, FRANKENSTEIN'S LAMENT, MY OLD FLAME, plus others specially recorded to drive you mad with ghastly laughter. Long Play Album. Only \$4.98.



Features themes & sound effects from the following motion pictures: House of Frankenstein • Horror of Dracula • Son of Dracula • Creature from the Black Lagoon • Revenge of the Creature • This Island Earth • The Male People • The Creature Walks Among Us • The Deadly Men • It Came From Outer Space • Tarantula • The Incredible Shrinking Man • \$4.75



DINOSAURS! A dramatic version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's THE LOST WORLD featuring BASIL RATHBONE as Professor Challenger. The amazing story of the Challenger expedition... The discovery of Living Prehistoric Animals! Only \$1.98.



KING KONG; the fantastic adventures adapted from the original Motion Picture Classic featuring the most famous ape of all time as he menaces New York City from the top of the Empire State Building! A great Collectors Item! Only \$1.98.



An LP recording of the original Famous Organ Wailer broadcast that caused mass hysteria throughout New York and New Jersey. People abandoned their homes—all roads were jammed, and never before had people become so suddenly disturbed as they did on this night. The original broadcast took place on the evening of October 30, 1938. A rare collector's item! Only \$2.98.

PLEASE RUSH ME THE FOLLOWING LONG PLAYING ALBUMS:

- ☐ FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ TALES OF MYSTERY & IMAGINATION; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ NIGHTMARE; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ FLASH GORDON; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ HORROR; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ THE HOUSE OF FRIGHT; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.

- ☐ DINOSAURS! \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ DROP DEAD; \$5.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ TERROR; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ SPIKE JONES IN HI-FI; \$4.98, plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ SLEEP NO MORE; \$4.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ THEMES FROM HORROR MOVIES; \$4.75 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ WAR OF THE WORLDS; \$5.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ KING KONG; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.

CAPTAIN COMPANY,
P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE NO. _____

AT LAST! OWN THIS RARE SET OF PRINCE VALIANT ADVENTURE PICTURE BOOKS!

**HARD-COVER BOOKS
LARGE 7" x 10" SIZE
128 EXCITING PAGES.**

Here is your once in a lifetime opportunity to own this fascinating set of original, authentic adventure books. You'll thrill to the daring exploits of Prince Valiant, popular comics hero!

**Every Page Fully
ILLUSTRATED
By The Great
HAL FOSTER**

Follow Prince Valiant, Knight of King Arthur's Round Table as he wields the mighty Singing Sword for justice everywhere. Follow him in his travels as he seeks out tyrants, thieves and marauding armies, engaging them in heroic battles.

**QUALITY MADE BOOKS
TO LAST A LIFETIME**



From Book #5—"PRINCE VALIANT AND THE GOLDEN PRINCESS" No. 2733

\$3.95



From Book #1—"PRINCE VALIANT IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR"

The youthful prince at the famous round-table.
No. 2729 \$3.95



From Book #2—"PRINCE VALIANT FIGHTS ATILLA THE HUN"

In gallant battle against barbaric plundering hordes.
No. 2730 \$3.95



From Book #3—"PRINCE VALIANT ON THE INLAND SEA"

Expedition across the gleaming expanse of the mysterious inland sea.
No. 2731 \$3.95



From Book #4—"PRINCE VALIANT'S PERILOUS VOYAGE"

Golden treasures lure him to harrowing adventures in the jungles of darkest Africa.
No. 2732 \$3.95



From Book #6—"PRINCE VALIANT IN THE NEW WORLD"

Crosses the sea, to the new world before the days of Columbus.
No. 2734 \$3.95



From Book #7—"PRINCE VALIANT AND THE THREE CHALLENGES"

The Great Prince faces a ruthless king, black magic and a horde of savages!
No. 2735 \$3.95

BARNABAS! NOW! READ THESE 10 SUSPENSE-FILLED BOOKS!

10 new novels about BARNABAS, the Vampire of "DARK SHADOWS" TV Show! Only 75¢ each, or get all 10 for only \$7.00.

BARNABAS COLLINS—
IN A
FUNNY VEIN

THE FOE OF
BARNABAS
COLLINS

THE DEMON
OF
BARNABAS
COLLINS

THE SECRET
OF
BARNABAS
COLLINS

BARNABAS
COLLINS

THE CURSE
OF
COLLINWOOD

THE
MYSTERY
OF
COLLINWOOD

STRANGERS
AT
COLLINS
HOUSE

VICTORIA
WINTERS

DARK
SHADOWS



- ☐ DARK SHADOWS
- ☐ THE CURSE OF COLLINWOOD
- ☐ BARNABAS COLLINS
- ☐ VICTORIA WINTERS
- ☐ THE SECRET OF BARNABAS COLLINS
- ☐ STRANGERS AT COLLINS HOUSE
- ☐ THE MYSTERY OF COLLINWOOD
- ☐ BARNABAS COLLINS—IN A FUNNY VEIN

CAPTAIN CO. P.O. BOX 5987
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

Please RUSH my copies of Barnabas suspense books as marked. Special rate for all 10 books \$7.00, postage free. Otherwise, send 75¢ for each book, plus 20¢ for each book to cover the cost of postage and handling.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

Sorry, no COD's, Canadian or Foreign orders.

- ☐ THE FOE OF BARNABAS COLLINS
- ☐ THE DEMON OF BARNABAS COLLINS

THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!

VENUS FLY TRAP



A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with love fly traps—colorful and unusual!

EATS FLIES AND INSECTS! Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

FEED IT RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house, you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

EASY TO GROW! The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only \$1.00.

ADMIRER BY CHARLES DARWIN.
FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPLORER



In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote, "This plant, commonly called 'Venus Fly Trap', from the rapidity and force of its movements, is one of the most wonderful in the world. . . . It is surprising how a slightly damp bit of meat . . . will produce these effects. It seems hardly possible, and yet it is certainly a fact."

\$1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!



Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs, causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at—but will NOT bite off more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days, after eating an insect it will reopen for more food.

CAPTAIN COMPANY,
P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

☐ Enclosed is \$1.00 plus 39¢ for handling & mailing for 3 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!!

☐ Enclosed is \$1.75 plus 45¢ handling & mailing for 6 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

No Canadian Orders—U.S. Only

PIN-UPS FOR SALE!

GIANT LIFE SIZE FRANKENSTEIN PIN-UP

DRAWN BY

Jack Davis



6 FEET TALL!

Ever anything like it before! A gigantic, unbelievable drawing of the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, over 6 feet tall—by America's greatest cartoonist JACK DAVIS. This is the most striking thing you ever saw! A masterpiece of reproduction that will startle anyone who sees it. The FRANKENSTEIN PIN-UP will supply 100 hours of laughs and thrills: have your picture taken alongside your favorite ghoul; scotch-tape it to the inside of your bedroom or den door; put it between someone's bed sheets, or just pin it on the wall. A million dollars worth of value for a low, low price! Order your's now—supply limited.

A FULL 6 FEET—ONLY \$2.00

If you love GIANT SUPER PIN-UPS, send for these great goodies! The Frankenstein Poster (left) is a full 6 feet tall, for only \$2. All the rest of the posters on this page are 3½ feet by 2½ feet, for only \$1 each. All posters printed on heavy paper—perfect for any wall in your house!



KING KONG



BORIS KARLOFF



THE HULK



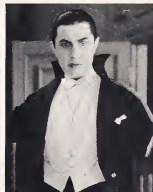
SPIDERMAN



LEONARD NIMOY (STAR TREK)



WEREWOLF



DRACULA (LUGOSI)



BRIGITTE BARDOT



STEVE MCQUEEN STAR THE BLOB

GIANT SUPER PIN-UPS: Please send me the super-giant pin-up poster indicated below. (The Frankenstein Poster is \$2.00 plus 39¢ postage and handling. All other posters are \$1.00 plus 39¢ postage and handling for each poster.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip Code.....

Mail this coupon to:
Captain Company,
P.O. Box 5987
Grand Central Station,
New York, N.Y. 10017

Pin-ups

SUNSHIN

R
e
-
e
m

Like it?
Buy it!!

